Every Week

3¢

March 13, 1916

E. B. Anderson
N.Y. Public Library
476 Fifth Ave
New York N.Y.

The Brisk Smoke—"Bull" Durham

When you see an alert-looking young man in a lively argument roll a "Bull" Durham cigarette—it's the natural thing. He likes to punctuate a crisp sentence with a puff of "Bull" Durham. His mind responds to the freshness that's in the taste of it, and his senses are quickened by its unique aroma. A cigarette of "Bull" Durham just fits in with keen thinking and forceful action.

GENUINE

"BULL" DURHAM

SMOKING TOBACCO

Ask for FREE package of "papers" with each 5c sack

You get more wholesome, lasting satisfaction out of "Bull" Durham than from any other tobacco ever rolled up into a cigarette. Made of "bright" Virginia-North Carolina leaf. "Bull" Durham is rich, fragrant, mellow-sweet—the mildest, most enjoyable of smokes.

"Roll your own" with "Bull" Durham—so good a cigarette cannot be obtained in any other way.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

DONT THROW
THAT STRAW HAT AWAY
You can make a new hat of it with Colorite—not only new, but a hat so fresh and dainty that your best friends will think it brand new.
Colorite
Colors Old and New Straw Hats
Let Us Send You
a full size bottle of Colorite and Elkin Wallick's new, instructive book. He tells all about rugs, wall covering, lighting, pictures etc. This book is worth one dollar, and the Colorite sells for 25 cents. We will send both—$1.25 worth—for 40 cents in stamps. Mr. Wallick is associate editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, and a national authority on home decoration. Write today giving the name of nearest drug or department store—and be sure to mention shade of Colorite desired. Colorite sent alone for 25 cents.
Carpenter-Morton Co.
Also Makers of Campbell's Varnish Stain
75 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Canadian Distributors
A. Ramsay & Son Co.
Montreal
Elkin Wallick
AFFECTIVE HOME

Genuine **Imported English Serge** Made-to-Order

$14.50

GLENN URQUART Plaids—Tartan Plaids, Shepherd Plaids, Fancy and Pencil Stripes. Two-tone effects. Your choice of any cloth, pants to have watch pocket, sample suit free, or smooth finish—tailored to your own measure at prices that will astound you.

Write for our new Style Book. The Imported English Serge is but one of the numerous new fine things at $14.50. A genuine Imported English Serge made to your own measure for only $14.50.

Pay $4.50 first and the balance in small monthly payments. Your credit is good.

On Credit!

You do not pay a cent unless you are delighted with the suit—after it has been tailored to your own measure, after the perfect fit—suits have been carefully made to the latest style—pressers it with any other suit you have bought—then, if you are not satisfied, send it back.

If you decide to buy—you have got the bargain price—a dollar a month. Your credit is good.

New Style Book

and Samples of the Latest Fabrics—FREE

Write for our Style Book and samples at once. Send for yourself the astounding bargains we are offering. Mention especially the several fabrics. Your handsome Style Book and all fabrics will be sent you free—write for it today. You will be under no obligations.

Babson Bros. Dept. 2473 — 19th St. and Calumet Ave. **Chicago**

DAINTY DRESS FABRICS

LADIES! YOU CAN EARN MONEY

and enjoy work selling our beautiful line of fancy and staple wash fabrics among friends and neighbors. NO MONEY REQUIRED. Entirely necessary. Our agents collect cash for our beautiful line and results. Lead specialists for gardeners. Secure your territory before it's taken. Write

OLD COLONY TEXTILE COMPANY
Dept. D.K. 288 Broadway, New York City

500 TYPEWRITERS AT $10 TO $15

Typewriter prices smashed! Your choice of any famous visible machine at a bargain. Every one perfect—guaranteed for 3 yrs.—including rebuilding. All late, standard models have the same universal keyboard—all late improvements—all in sight—no shift keys. Write for our 10 DAYS' TRIAL offer. Free catalog and special price list.

STANDARD TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE, DEPT. 442 CHICAGO, ILL.

Do Clothes Make the Man?

IT'S an interesting question.

Would the King of England still be "every inch a king" if he wore overalls and smoked a clay pipe?

Would J. P. Morgan with a patch in his trousers be as great a power in finance as he is in a perfectly fitted suit?

In 1905 President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University sent out a series of questions to 170 young people.

It would pay every young man in business to write these questions down and answer them himself by recalling his own experience.

Question I was:

How does a sense of being well dressed or the opposite affect you? How are you affected by shabby or ill-fitting gloves or shoes?

From the 170 answers I select these sentences which are typical:

"When I am well dressed, I feel able to meet any person." "When I am well dressed, I feel as if I could face the world." "I feel able to cope with any situation that could possibly arise."

"When I am ill dressed I do not like to have any one see me." "I must constantly tug at my clothes." "My opinion of myself takes a decided drop."

Question II was:

How does the presence of some defect in your clothing, which may not be obvious to others, affect you?

The answers ran like this:

"I feel like touching it." "I am always thinking about it." "I imagine every eye directed to the spot." "I feel as though eyes were piercing through and noticing it."

There were many other questions which we have not space for here but may consider at some other time.

In a word, these 170 young people testified that good clothes inspired in them subconsciously a feeling of confidence and power; while poor clothes, or even a hidden defect in their clothes, distracted their attention and decreased their self-possession and efficiency.

Many successful business men put on fresh clothes every morning, from the skin out.

Why?

Because they are dudes? Not at all. Because the feeling that they are as well dressed as any man, and better than most, puts them, subconsciously, at an advantage in doing business.

I once talked with a man who had lost two fortunes and is now rich with a third.

"What did you do when you went broke?" I asked him.

"I borrowed money and bought the finest suit and overcoat in town," he answered. "I was well enough dressed to hold a job; but to *get* a job I needed to be *better* dressed than the man I applied to. I wanted that much of an advantage over him."

Your wife and a few other people in the world know you for *what you are*.

The great majority of mankind judges you hastily by what you appear to be.

Let the impression of you that your clothes convey be *at least as good* as you really are—an impression that you can do business on; not one that you will have to work hard later to correct.

Bruce Barton, Editor.

There is a Velvet Grip product for every member of the family.
At dealers' everywhere.
Made by GEORGE FROST COMPANY, Boston
Boston Garters
Velvet Grip
For Men. The "Boston" gives the greatest service because of its superior materials and careful making. It does not crumple or collapse after long wear.
Silk, 50 cents. Lisle, 25 cents.
Velvet Grip
OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON
HOSE SUPPORTER
For WOMEN and CHILDREN
Prevents tearing and "drop stitches."
Sample pair of Child's Pin-on, (3 to expand) give age. Women's and Misses' Sew-on (four) 50c.
For "The Littlest One"
Baby Midget
Velvet Grip
Hose Supporter
Lisle, 10c
Silk, 15c
At your dealer's or by mail.

The Hallmark of Hats that are a tribute to American Industry

KNOX
NEW YORK

Hats sold by agencies in leading cities and towns are as those retailed in the Knox New York Stores on Fifth Avenue and Broadway

Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street
161 Broadway, Singer Building

BECOME A NURSE

We have taught thousands of women at home to earn $15 to $25 a week as trained nurses. Send for "How I Became a Nurse" and full particulars with actual letters from graduates, all free.

Address

The Chautauqua School of Nursing

368 Main St., Jamestown, N.Y.

KEITH'S $1 Offer

1st—A 100-page book on Modern Homes, a special department for Bungalows.

2nd—A big book containing 500 designs for cottages, bungalows and other small houses.

3rd—A 64-page book of PORCH and COTTAGES.

4th—A six months' subscription to the well known and inspiring monthly, the home builders' Keith's Magazine.

$1 a year. Mo. copy.

ALL THE ABOVE, SPECIAL $1.00

KEITH'S, 809 McKnight Bldg., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

King Alfonso of Spain. Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany.

Czar Nicholas II of Russia.

King George of England. King Peter of Servia.

And Every One of Them Is Sick

THE men who sit on the thrones of Europe—the men for whom millions of honest, healthy subjects are pouring out their blood, are every one of them sick men. That is a fact that may mean much or little; but it is at least worth considering when one comes to balance up the profits and losses of the war.

Would there have been any war if there had been no kings? Each of the warring peoples has its own answer to that question: the answer of history remains to be given. In the meantime, here are some interesting facts as stated by a physician:

The ailing kings and crown princes are abnormal products of too close intermarriage, which so restricts the choice that cousins marry cousins, and no healthy, fresh blood can possibly find its way into the strain from outside the close family ring. A small army of eminent doctors is in almost hourly attendance upon these "super-men"; insurance companies accept them at heavy premium risks; and hardly one of them is free from a constant fear of death from some inherited disease.

When Frederick III, the Kaiser's father, died, Sir Morell Mackenzie pronounced it "cancer," though no official record was written. Wilhelm's physicians, when he is sent back from the firing line to rest in Potsdam, announce simply that he is suffering from "sore throat"; but there are many physicians in Europe who attribute his illness to a far more serious cause. Not one in a hundred of the people who glance at the Kaiser's photograph ever detect the withered left arm,—several inches shorter than the other,—so cleverly does he manage to conceal it. The Kaiser's heir, Frederick William, has escaped that inheritance, but his narrow chest is evidence that tuberculosis, the curse of the Hohenzollerns, would mark him as its victim were it not for his constant fight against it.

Pitiful Case of the Czarevitch

"I'LL never die a natural death," exclaims poor King Peter of Servia, in his fits of depression. "The kings of Servia have all been killed." His alarming spells of fainting make it difficult for the doctors to keep him on his feet, and it was only by the greatest exercise of will power that he was able to get to the front. The plight of his second son and heir, Prince Alexander, is even worse; for both blindness and anemia threaten him. The elder son, Prince George, was suspected of insanity,—it was his playful habit to use his personal attendants as targets in his revolver practice,—and the Servian "Safety First" party sent him away to Paris.

The Czar's father, supposedly the healthiest of men, succumbed to nerves, grippe, and disordered kidneys. He is said to have cursed fate as he lay on his death-bed and regarded the stunted form of his son and heir, Nicholas. The Czar's own physical weakness has been transmitted to his son in a more terrible form, the boy having only one skin, and being subject to frequent bleeding fits. His pitiful condition, and the fear of what the future may hold in store for him, are said to have broken his mother's heart.

Not even the Zeppelins produce more consternation in Buckingham Palace than the appearance of cold in the household. From his father George V inherited the fatally weak throat which makes it imperative that he wear a full beard, which he is said to detest. Four eminent physicians are on constant guard to catch the first sign of huskiness in his Majesty's voice, and the sums spent annually for the medical care of the royal family would provide well for an average hospital. The Prince of Wales, though endowed with courage and a good will, is physically frail; and Prince Albert, the second son, has been in the hospital twice in his comparatively short period of service with the Grand Fleet.

Alfonso's Philosophy of Life

ALFONSO of Spain makes no concealment of his belief that his life must be short. Tuberculosis laid his father low, and the 31-inch chest of the son is examined almost daily by an eminent French specialist. The King's frank fatalism is evidenced by his strenuous efforts to taste all the sensations of life in record time—his aeroplane flights, his motor-racing, and his daredevil exploits on the polo field. Of his children, one is said to be tubercular, and another—according to report—is both deaf and dumb.

Francis Joseph, Constantine, the Sultan—the curse of heredity is on each of them. It is not their fault; but there is something distressingly unpleasant in the thought that the life and happiness of millions should lie in the hands of a dozen physical weaklings. It makes one echo Emerson's cry:

> God said, I am tired of kings,
> I suffer them no more;
> Up to my ear the morning brings
> The outrage of the poor.

Multimillionaires and Their Ways

By FRED C. KELLY

NOTHING, as I look at it, is so elementally childlike in its ingenuous simplicity as the tastes and desires of a modern multimillionaire. A child wants something frequently for no reason than that it wants it. So it is with multimillionaires.

When a man suddenly reaches opulence, his initial desires are quite likely to take childlike twists. For example, I was talking the other day with a young man who had just made about a million dollars out of Bethlehem Steel, General Motors, and other stocks.

"And now what are you going to do with all this money?" I asked him.

What He Wanted

"WELL, I think the first thing I'll do," he confided earnestly, "will be to buy me a cane with a little electric light in the head, and one of those here watches that strike the hour and minute when you press the stem."

He knew exactly what he wanted, and intended to get it.

An Ohio man who made a lot of money manufacturing certain parts for automobiles decided to move to Cleveland awhile ago, provided he could lease a house large and handsome enough to be in keeping with his station in life. He heard of a beautiful big estate that could be rented for $500 a month, and he went at once to see the owner.

"Yes, we have talked of renting our house," the owner admitted, "and if we do rent it I guess $500 a month would be fair enough."

"I'll give you $750," suggested the multimillionaire, for the sake of advancing the action.

"Well," laughed the owner, "it isn't the price I was thinking about so much as whether we want to rent at all or not."

"I'll give you $1000 a month," came back the multimillionaire, and the matter was settled on that basis. He could have had the place for half that sum if he had been willing to carry on the conversation a few minutes longer.

Akron, Ohio, probably has more new millionaires for the size of the place than one would find in almost any other city. Things happen in Akron that would not happen anywhere outside of a comic opera, moving picture play, or book of old-fashioned fairy tales.

The town is built on rubber, and about every other man you meet has bounced into sudden wealth. Men who worked for $2.50 a day just a few years ago are now residing in palatial houses costing more than a king's ransom.

One Akron residence, modeled after a Tudor palace, is more than four hundred feet across the front, and if you were told how much it cost you would not believe it. The owner of this place hired an expensive architect by the year, and told him to go to England and do nothing for the first few months or year but gather ideas. With an unlimited expense account, the architect browsed about famous old English estates, taking note of what he saw. In a number of instances he made plaster-of-Paris casts of moldings. He even bought tons of seasoned timber from old castles and such places.

Bringing Europe to Akron, Ohio

THERE was a certain kind of narrow, old-sized brick that it was desired to use in the construction of the house—to correspond with that in a certain old English palace. The brick in this palace had little dents all over the surface, as if made by finger-marks in the days when bricks were molded by hand. Bricks of the same size without these would look too modern. So, when the bricks were manufactured on a special order at an Akron plant, the house-builder employed boys at good wages to make little dents in the brick with their fingers before the clay was baked.

Another Akron man built his house on top of a hill. It had long been his ambition to have a lake in his front yard, and he spoke of this detail to his landscape architect. He said he wanted not only a lake, but a brook, and the water was to come trickling through the brook over moss-covered logs into the lake.

The landscape designer called the man's attention to a few of the difficulties in the way.

"In the first place," he said, "your grounds are on top of a hill, and the hill is mostly sand. There is no source for a brook, and, even if there were, the water would run out of your lake as fast as it ran in."

"I've thought of all that," admitted the multimillionaire, "but I intend to have my brook and lake just the same. I'll seal the bottom of the lake with concrete over a wire mesh, and I'll drill a dozen or so artesian wells, if necessary, to provide water for the brook. Then we'll go out into the woods and transplant a young forest, including a thousand or so moss-covered logs. All we'll require then will be a power plant to keep pumping water from the artesian wells, and everything will be complete."

My recollection is that he did it, too.

Vol. 2, No. 11 — Every Week — March 13, 1916

How One Sin Perpetuates Itself

By THE EDITOR

SIN is an unpopular word. Nobody "sins" any more. People are "unfortunate"; they are "diseased"; they are "products of an unfavorable environment"; they are subjects for study and analysis and card-indexing; but they do not "sin." Sin is unscientific and old-fashioned.

Nevertheless I use the word "sin" in this story advisedly, for this is an old-fashioned story. It has its roots away back before the Revolution, when a young man whom we shall call Martin Kallikak and a feeble-minded girl who shall be nameless broke the seventh commandment. That being before the days of scientific criminology, to break the seventh commandment was still regarded bluntly as a "sin."

As a consequence of that single sin, there have been born into the world 480 human beings, of whom

143 were feeble-minded,
36 were illegitimate,
24 were confirmed alcoholics,
3 were epileptics,
82 died in infancy,
3 were criminal,
8 kept houses of ill fame.

In an old-fashioned Book, which was widely read in Martin Kallikak's time, it is written that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation. Six generations of Martin Kallikak's descendants have been traced, and the taint that his single act poured into the veins of humanity, far from dying out, spreads wider and wider with each generation.

But, to return to the story. I shall tell it largely in the words of Dr. Henry Herbert Goddard, to whose patient research we owe our knowledge of the case.

Deborah's Unfair Start in Life

"ONE bright October day, fourteen years ago, there came to the Training School for Feeble-Minded Children at Vineland, New Jersey, a little eight-year-old girl whom we shall call Deborah. She had been born in an almshouse. Her mother had afterward married, not the father of this child, but the prospective father of another child, and later divorced him and married another man, who was also the father of some of her children.

"The stupid helplessness of the girl's mother in regard to her own impulses is shown by the facts of her life. Her first child had for its father a farm-hand; the father of the second and third (twins) was a common laborer on a railroad. The girl's own father was a young fellow, normal indeed, but loose in his morals, who along with others kept company with the mother while she was out at service. After Deborah's birth at the almshouse, the mother had been taken with her child into a good family. Even in this guarded position, she was sought out by a feeble-minded man of low habits. Every possible means was employed to separate the pair, but without effect. Her mistress then insisted that they marry, and herself attended to the details. After Deborah's mother had borne this man two children, the pair went off to live on the farm of an unmarried man possessing some property but little intelligence.

"The husband was an imbecile who had never provided for his wife. She was still pretty, almost girlish—the farmer was good-looking; and soon the two were openly living together and the husband had left. As the facts became known there was considerable protest in the neighborhood; but no active steps were taken until two or three children had been born. Finally a number of leading citizens, headed by the good woman before alluded to, took the matter up in earnest. They found the husband and persuaded him to allow them to get a divorce. Then they compelled the farmer to marry the woman. He agreed, on condition that the children which were not his should be sent away. It was at this juncture that Deborah was brought to the Training School.

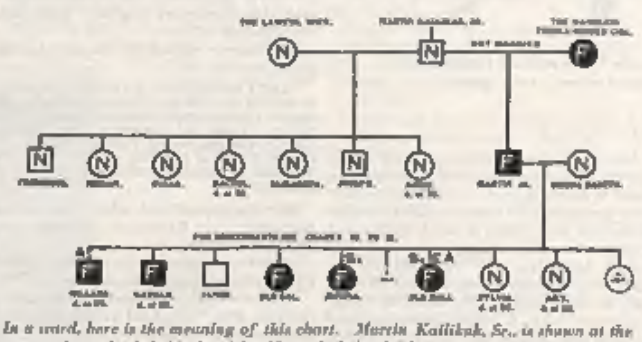
"It was determined to start with Deborah and make a survey of the entire family, and discover the condition, as far as possible, of every person in each generation.

"The surprise and horror of it all was that, no matter where we traced them, whether in the prosperous rural district, in the city slums to which some had drifted, or in the more remote mountain districts, or whether it was a question of the second or the sixth generation, an appalling amount of defectiveness was everywhere found.

Tracing the Kallikak Family

"IN the course of the work of tracing various members of the family, our field worker occasionally found herself in the midst of a good family of the same name—a family made up of prosperous farmers, professional men, and State officials. How was this to be explained? Here were two sets of people living side by side—one set perfectly normal, prosperous, worthy; the other set defective, alcoholic, immoral, criminal. Yet both sets bore the same family name, and often the same given name. The evidence seemed to prove nothing; the problem was insolvable. Over and over again the investigation was laid aside in sheer despair."

Then, at last, the truth came out. Both these families, the respectable and the unrespectable, were descended from the same common ancestor, Martin Kallikak, Sr. But the great-great-grandmother on one side was Martin's wife, a normal, wholesome woman; the great-great-grandmother on the other side was a feeble-minded girl whom Martin had known before his marriage.



In a word, here is the meaning of this chart. Martin Kallikak, Sr., is shown at the top, and on the left his lawful wife and their children—seven perfectly normal human beings. On the right of Martin Kallikak you see the feeble-minded girl. They had one feeble-minded child, a boy who married a normal woman. Of the children of this marriage, shown below, two died in infancy; five were feeble-minded; one (A) alcoholic; two (Sx) sexually immoral. Martin's marriage with his lawful wife produced 496 descendants in six generations, all normal. The descendants of Martin and the feeble-minded girl were 480, of whom 143 were feeble-minded.

"When Martin, Sr., was a boy of fifteen his father died, leaving him without parental care or oversight. Just before attaining his majority the young man joined one of the numerous military companies that were formed to protect the country at the beginning of the Revolution. At one of the taverns frequented by the militia he met a feeble-minded girl, by whom he became the father of a feeble-minded son. This child was given, by its mother, the name of the father in full; and thus has been handed down to posterity the father's name and the mother's mental incapacity. Martin, on leaving the Revolutionary Army, straightened up and married a respectable girl of good family; and through this union has come another line of descendants of radically different character. These now number four hundred and ninety-six. All of them are normal people."

Unto the Fourth Generation

"THERE, then, side by side, live the two families of the same name—the one the offspring of Martin Kallikak's legal marriage, the other the fruits of his sin. There have been many other studies of defective families, among them the survey of the notorious Jukes, in England, the criminal descendants of one criminal woman. But in no other case has it been possible to study two families side by side, the one perfectly normal, the other horribly defective, both with the same name and the same blood.

We have not space to record all the distressing details that the field worker uncovered in her search. These two pictures are typical of many others:

"A short distance farther on the field worker came to the home of another brother. The hideous picture that presented itself as the door opened was one never to be forgotten. One felt that when winter was over and spring had come the family would expand into a certain expression of life. But here no such outlook was possible, for the woman at the head of the house was an imbecile. In one arm she held a frightful-looking baby, while she had another by the hand. Vermin were visible all over her. In the room were a few chairs and a bed, the latter without any washable covering and filthy beyond description. There was no fire, and mother and babies were thinly clad. They did not shiver, however, nor seem to mind. The oldest daughter, a vulgar, repulsive girl of fifteen, came into the room and stood looking at the stranger. She had somehow managed to live. All the rest of the children, except the two

that the mother was carrying, had died in infancy."

Another picture:

"It was a bitter cold day in February and about eleven in the morning when the field worker knocked at the door. Used as she was to sights of degradation and misery, she was hardly prepared for the spectacle within. The father, a strong, healthy, broad-shouldered man, was sitting helplessly in a corner. The mother, a pretty woman still, with remnants of ragged garments about her, sat in a chair, the picture of despondency. Three children, scantily clad and with shoes that would barely hold together, stood about with drooping jaws and the unmistakable look of the feeble-minded. Another child, neither more intelligent nor better clad, was attempting to wash a few greasy dishes in cold water. The deaf boy was nowhere to be seen. On being urgently requested, the mother went out of the room for him, for he was not yet out of bed. In a few moments she returned with the boy. A glance sufficed to establish his mentality, which was low. The whole family was a living demonstration of the futility of trying to make desirable citizens out of defective stock."

What the Real Sin Is

CLOSE beside these terrible families live the other families of the same name, the legitimate descendants of Martin Kallikak. They have "married into the best families in their State, the descendants of colonial governors, signers of the Declaration of Independence, soldiers, and even founders of a great university. Indeed, in this family and its descendants we find nothing but good representative citizenship. They are doctors, lawyers, judges, educators, traders, landholders, in short, respectable citizens, men and women in every phase of social life. There have been no feeble-minded among them; no illegitimate children; no immoral women. There has been no epilepsy, no criminals, no keepers of houses of prostitution. Only fifteen children have died in infancy."

The story of Martin Kallikak points its own moral. Had the feeble-minded girl been segregated and confined to an institution, there would have been no child, and no long train of misery following her. To segregate her descendants to-day would be a far larger and more expensive problem. Yet even that heroic measure would be nothing in comparison with the frightful cost that the State will be put to in the future, by reason of the unending multiplication of feeble-mindedness and criminality which must follow.

The other moral is equally plain, and Dr. Goddard does not hesitate to state it:

"The career of Martin Kallikak, Sr., is a powerful sermon against sowing wild oats. Martin Kallikak did what, unfortunately, many a young man like him has done before and since, and which, still more unfortunately, society has too often winked at, as being merely a side-step in accordance with natural instinct, bearing no serious results. It is quite possible that Martin Kallikak himself never gave any serious thought to his act; or, if he did, it may have been merely to realize that in his youth he had been indiscreet and had done that for which he was sorry. And, being sorry, he may have thought it was atoned for, as he never suffered from it any serious consequences.

"Even the people of his generation, however much they may have known about the circumstances, could not have begun to realize the evil that was done. Undoubtedly it was only looked at as a sin because it was a violation of the moral law. The real sin, of peopling the world with a race of defective degenerates who would commit sin a thousand times over, was doubtless not perceived or realized. It is only after the lapse of six generations that we are able to look back, count up, and see the havoc that was wrought by that one thoughtless act."

There is the story—it needs no further word from me to impress its meaning. I doubt if there is in all literature a more damning presentation of how one single sin can perpetuate itself in generations of untold misery and suffering, to the end of time.

It is part of the business of this magazine to find out what is most interesting in the important books of the day, and pass it on to its readers in popular form. This book, "The Kallikak Family," is by Henry Herbert Goddard, Ph. D., and is published by the Macmillan Company at $1.50.

"Uncle Cyrus said the circumstances looked queer—very queer."

Getting Even

By HOLWORTHY HALL

Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

WHEN Edith Emery was twenty-two years old, her great-uncle Cyrus traveled out to Winslow, Ohio, for a fortnight's visit to the scenes of his childhood; and before he had accomplished very much of it, Edith's parents set her down at the freshly tuned piano and told her to sing. From this point forward her career was in the capable hands of Uncle Cyrus.

He took Edith to New York with him, installed her in his private mausoleum on Eighty-fourth Street, gave her a letter of introduction to Gatti-Casazza (whom he had never met), and told his closer acquaintances that in a month or two they would congratulate him as a patron of the arts. It seemed settled.

But the history of girls who flock to the city in the expectation of uplifting the stage is distressing in its lack of novelty. Miss Emery hadn't lived on Eighty-fourth Street for more than a week before her great-uncle was telling her that she lacked initiative. He repeated the remark on subsequent occasions. Eventually he dismissed the Metropolitan Opera Company with a single contemptuous gesture, and decided that Edith had better go and get a reputation as a platform singer. Himself, he would see John McCormack's manager, and arrange for dates and tours.

As time went on, Uncle Cyrus, while not actually confessing that he had been misled by family pride, said that the circumstances looked very queer,—very queer indeed,—and that, although he hadn't contemplated any extraordinary expense, perhaps it might be better for Edith to take a few more lessons from recognized masters of instruction.

It was at about this period that Edith became acutely conscious of his disappointment. She longed to go home. But if New York were suddenly emptied of all the people who'd go home if only they could swallow their pride, Times Square would be a thriving suburb and Central Park a pleasant picnic ground out in the country, near Poughkeepsie. Edith merely squared her little jaw and vowed in her heart never to revisit Winslow, Ohio, until she could return a conqueror. But, of course, she hadn't counted upon the almost criminal indiscretion of her great-uncle, who, at the advanced age of sixty-seven, went to a public dinner and slept.

To Winslow, Ohio, there penetrated the startling, paralyzing rumor that he had left everything to Edith.

ACROSS the big mahogany table, Miss Emery looked steadily at the very young lawyer who—precisely because he was so very young and consequently inexpensive—had drawn the will. Then she glanced, puzzled, at the massive and matter-of-fact business man who was co-executor.

"Never mind the—the complications," said Miss Emery at length. "Let's hear the whole of it."

The lawyer picked up his cue at paragraph seven:

"And I further give, devise, and bequeath to each of the following corporate bodies the sum of one hundred thousand dollars: The Actors' Fund of America, the Drama League, the Society of Younger Artists, the Choral Union of the City of New York, the Writers' Association, and the Society of Sculptors."

Here he paused and raised his eyes expectantly. Mr. Kelsey, the business man, chuckled a laugh.

"Ain't it a scream?" he inquired. "Old Cyrus Emery leaving money to artists?"

"There's really not much use in reading the rest of it," repeated young Mr. Wigglesworth uncomfortably.

"Not to me it ain't," said Mr. Kelsey. "But if Miss Edith thinks—"

"Please read it all," she said gently.

Mr. Wigglesworth turned the page to paragraph eight:

"And I further give, devise, and bequeath to each of the colleges hereinafter mentioned, for the purpose of establishing the Cyrus Emery Memorial Scholarships, as hereinafter provided, the sum of fifty thousand dollars: Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Minnesota, Dartmouth, Brown, Colgate, Syracuse, Vanderbilt, Lafayette—"

"Wouldn't it *jar* you?" asked Mr. Kelsey in a profound whisper.

"—Amherst, Bowdoin, Williams, Lehigh, and Hamilton."

Here he coughed and halted. Mr. Kelsey rose and went to the nearest window.

"Please read it all," said Miss Emery.

"And to each of the following institutions I give, devise, and bequeath unconditionally the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars: The Medical School of Harvard University, the Medical School of Syracuse University, the Medical School of Johns Hopkins, and those hospitals in the City of New York: Babies', Bellevue, Fordham, General, Jewish, New York, People's, Presbyterian, Roosevelt, St. Vincent's, Sloane, and Wurzan's.

"And the remainder of my estate, both real and personal, of which I may be seized and possessed, or to which I may be at the time of my decease entitled, I give, devise, and bequeath to my beloved great-niece, Edith Langdon Emery."

Here the young lawyer folded the paper and dropped it on the table.

"That's all," he said.

From the window Mr. Kelsey spoke without turning:

"Good! Now tell her the facts!"

"And now," said Mr. Wigglesworth, glaring in reproof at the co-executor, "it becomes my duty, Miss Emery, to explain just what this last paragraph means. When I drew this will for your uncle,—several years ago,—he made a memorandum of assets. They amounted to about two million dollars. You've heard his list of bequests, amounting to one million nine hundred and twenty-five thousand. Therefore—"

"And so," said Miss Emery, "he left me seventy-five thousand dollars!"

Mr. Kelsey was back at the table, wrathful, dominant.

"Don't be an idiot, Wigglesworth! Tell her the story."

"All right—all right! Why—er—Miss Emery, Mr. Kelsey and I have been over the assets—chiefly in stocks and bonds of mining and engineering developments—most of them bought just prior to the drawing of the will—and—er—we find them to be of such character that—"

"Oh, well!" said Mr. Kelsey impatiently. "Don't torture her—ninety-nine per cent. of it's wildcat, Miss Edith!"

She was obviously puzzled. "Wildcat?"

"A synonym," said Mr. Kelsey bluntly, "of worthless."

In the tense silence that followed, both men regarded her in great anxiety. To their astonishment, Miss Emery did not faint. She merely smiled a trifle fixedly, and sighed one very small and pardonable sigh, and began to touch her hat in the unmistakable manner of a woman who is about to go somewhere.

"Well," she said at last, "that's all, then?"

"I'm afraid it is," said Mr. Wigglesworth, not looking at her.

"The estate," said Mr. Kelsey, "is worth about thirty cents. Your uncle had an income of fifty or sixty thousand a year, but an outgo of seventy or eighty."

"In fact," added the lawyer, "there *might* even be a deficit. There is some unimproved land in Westchester—"

Mr. Kelsey glanced at his watch, and immediately sprang into action.

"Well, well!" he said briskly, taking up his hat. "It's all over now. I'm sorrier than I can tell you, Miss Edith! I suppose you'll go back to Ohio?"

"Why, no," said Miss Emery. "I think I'll stay in New York."

"The wisdom of that," said Mr. Kelsey, "is distinctly debatable." He shook hands powerfully. "Talk it over with Wigglesworth—or talk it over with me sometime. And I'll surely see you again before you do go?"

"You will indeed," said Miss Emery.

Mr. Kelsey, shaking his head, departed.

THE two who remained sat for a little space without speaking. The lawyer glanced up, their eyes met, and both smiled, without conveying any strong impression of mirth.

"I stayed to talk it over with you," said Miss Emery.

"If there's anything under the sun I can do for you—"

"Well, there is! First, you can tell me if I'm to get a penny from the estate—not that I care whether I do or not, but just for the information."

"I doubt," said young Mr. Wigglesworth, "if *anybody* gets a penny."

"Then *that's* settled. All right. Next—I want you to help me find something to do."

Mr. Wigglesworth pricked up his ears and lifted his eyebrows.

"I thought you'd already decided on a career."

"No—that was just an appointment. I want to stay in New York—I *won't* go back to Winslow. But what can I *do*?"

"I believe the most usual courses," said Mr. Wigglesworth, again polishing his glasses, "are in trained nursing and secretarial work."

"But I don't want to study nursing; and a secretary—why, a secretary's only a high-class under-paid stenographer! I want to go into business."

"Business!" echoed Mr. Wigglesworth, looking blank.

"Certainly. I want to do something worth while! If I went home—do you know what chances I'd have? Dressmaking, millinery, teaching school, and getting married! I'll never get anywhere singing—and I want to be independent."

"Well," said Mr. Wigglesworth thoughtfully, "women are—besides nurses and secretaries—writers and librarians and—social workers—"

"Splendid! Go on!"

"Actresses and switchboard operators and modistes—"

"Fine!" said Miss Emery with enthusiasm. "Now we're getting somewhere! I'll do almost anything except all those things you mentioned."

Mr. Wigglesworth blinked dazedly.

"What I want to do," continued Miss Emery, "is something real—something live and modern. I don't see why a woman can't be just as good a business man as anybody else. And ever since I've been in New York I've been perfectly crazy about it—the way the city grows, and spreads out! I'm asking you for advice, Mr. Wigglesworth, partly because I don't know any one else to ask, and partly because you've always *looked* as if you'd like to help me. You see, I want to go into the real estate business."

"Real estate!" repeated Mr. Wigglesworth. He repeated it with an intonation that would better have fitted "piracy!"

"Real estate," said Miss Emery firmly. "I'd love it—I know I should!"

"But—but—it isn't done! Women haven't one chance in a thousand in that field."

"Or in any other field—unless they're good at it."

"But, if you know what you want—if you *think* you know what you want, why ask—"

"Because," she anticipated him, "I know there's a lot of law in real estate, and I thought you could tell me how to learn it."

"My advice to you is—don't! A woman's place—"

"Oh, please! *Please*, Mr. Wigglesworth!"

"A woman's place," he persisted, "is in the home: and *your* place—"

"*Please!*"

"*Your* place," he said gravely, "I have hoped—ever since I dined at Mr. Emery's house six weeks ago and met you—would be in mine."

For the second time that morning, Edith didn't conduct herself according to the general specifications of modern fiction. The announcement that her interest in the avuncular estate was valueless hadn't sent her limply into dreamland; nor did this unexpected, indirect proposal of marriage affect her with symptoms of heart failure. Instead, she smiled at Wigglesworth and shook her head.

"That's awfully sweet of you—"

"I hadn't intended to tell you—here—"

"I know! I often say things before I mean to."

"But I know my own mind—Edith."

"I'd like to have you call me that—but you mustn't take it as too much encouragement—in the way you want. There are a lot of things about me you don't understand yet. One of them is that I feel as I imagine a man might. I came to New York to make a success in music. That's impossible; but I won't do anything else—I won't go home, or I won't marry *anybody*—until I've proved that I don't need to! So I'm going to try *—something;* and after a while—"

He leaned forward eagerly.

"Yes?"

"Wait and see," said Miss Emery. She advanced almost timidly to the book-shelves, and ran her hands along the calf and buckram backs.

"Tell me what I want to read," she said. "Now that everything's gone—wildcat, I can't afford to buy my books."

"My dear girl!" exclaimed the lawyer, and finished helplessly: "I—well—I—"

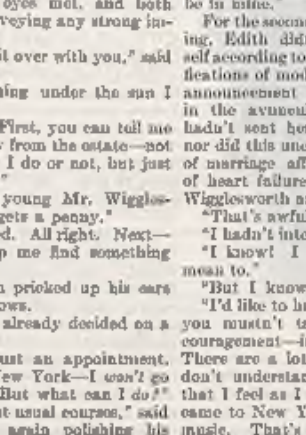
"I want a book about real estate," she insisted stubbornly, "and they all look expensive."

Mr. Wigglesworth laughed—all but his eyes.

"You're really serious?"

"Of course I am! You wouldn't have said that to a man, would you? Don't you see—?"

"I see!" he agreed hastily. "This is what you want." He gave her Gerard on Titles, and Kent on Real Property. "There's only one thing I must ask you: please don't dog-ear the leaves!"



"'Don't be an idiot, Wigglesworth! Tell her the story.'"

It is undoubtedly true that much may happen in six months. Often, however, it doesn't. From April to October Miss Emery, who had come to New York to sing the rôle of grasshopper, found herself understudying the ant; but the parallel ends at the semicolon, for the very simple reason that, although Miss Emery was assuredly bright, business was assuredly dull. To be sure, she had an office, and a typist, and a list of clients—and the fact is an inflation of progress. But the typist was also a public stenographer, and the clients wanted to sell and not to buy, and the office doesn't deserve a separate paragraph.

ONE morning Miss Emery chanced to be thinking more or less consecutively of Winslow; and at the critical moment when the lines in her face slanted due south, the footfalls in the corridor ceased, the door of the office opened, and there entered Mr. G. T. Wigglesworth, Bachelor of Laws, Master of Laws, Juris Doctor, Attorney and Counselor. It sounds like a lot, but Mr. Wigglesworth was bulky enough to carry it without the slightest difficulty. He put his hat on the absent typist's desk, and sat down solidly.

"Hello!" said Mr. Wigglesworth. "How's business?"

"Good!" said Miss Emery.

"Sold anything since I saw you last?"

"No—not a thing."

"Leased anything?"

"Not yet."

"I thought you said business is good."

"That's—professional courtesy," said Miss Emery.

"But look here, Edith! This can't go on forever!"

She glanced at her calendar.

"It can go on until the tenth of November—"

"Why the tenth?"

"Rent day," said Miss Emery cheerfully. "So far, I've made eight hundred dollars and spent twelve."

"Good Lord! Is it as bad as that?"

"Worse—I didn't have all of the twelve."

He moved toward her.

"Edith," he said, "what's the use of trying to fight a whole city? You've had your experience—I tell you, men won't trade with women if they can help it! Please don't waste time any longer at this thing."

Miss Emery tapped on the desk with her fountain-pen.

"I am working," she told him importantly, "on a *very* large deal."

"Indeed. What is it?"

"You know Stacy's department-store?"

"*That!*" Mr. Wigglesworth sighed despairingly. "Edith, I did think you had more perspicacity—"

"Well, I have!"

"My dear girl, that corner—why, that's been a landmark for ten years! It's—it's notorious! Not in a century—"

"And yet, Stacy has offered to let me try—"

"Certainly he has! At what price?"

"Two hundred thousand."

"Edith, let me tell you something. When Stacy first built, he acquired the whole frontage of the block except that corner lot—it's fifty by one hundred, isn't it? He couldn't get it, of course. So he built his twelve-story castle all around a two-story bungalow. Naturally, it's an eyesore. It looks funny. And Stacy wouldn't have simply the floor-space there is in that shack now if he could buy it—he'd have fifty by one hundred multiplied by twelve. He'd square off his whole building. That plot—to him—ought to be worth three or four hundred thousand easily; and not only the real estate operators—*every one* who reads the papers—knows that he can't touch it! The little fellow in the jewelry store won't sell! And now you come along and get an agency to try to buy it for *two* hundred thousand. Why, it's worse than wasting time; it's *murdering* it!"

"But—the commission is one per cent.—and I need it."

Mr. Wigglesworth came a step nearer.

"Edith, won't you please listen to me?"

"I'm listening."

"Why won't you be reasonable?" he pleaded. "You weren't born for work like this—it isn't fitting, it isn't decent! How much longer are you going to stay here, Edith?"

"Does it disturb you?"

"Tremendously."

"I'm going to stay," she said firmly, "until I've either satisfied myself that I ought to go home and knit, or until I know that I don't have to. And, if you don't mind being seen on the street with a business woman, you can walk across the park with me. I'm going over to buy that corner plot from the jeweler!"

The building at which Mr. Wigglesworth left her compared with its

neighbor as an officer's launch to a battleship. Out of an entire city block this two-story shop was all that didn't belong to Stacy's department-store, which towered hundreds of feet above it.

The jeweler was a man of importance.

"I'm very busy this morning, but I'll be glad to give you—what time is necessary," he said, leading the way into his private office. "You—ah—?"

"Exactly," said Miss Emery, smiling her best. "I want to buy something."

"Retail?" he inquired sweetly, and made as if to show her back to the salesroom.

"N-no—"

"Wholesale, then. Very good."

"I want to buy a rather large lot—"

"Yes? About how large?"

"Fifty by a hundred," said Miss Emery desperately. "Yours."

Mr. Schoenwald became impressively conservative. "It isn't on the market," he said. "You're another one of those women real estate agents, are you? I've had more'n a million in here this last week, and—"

"And you didn't see one of them! I know, because I was the whole million!"

"If I'd known who you are, I wouldn't have seen you now. You're representing Stacy's again, I suppose."

"I'M sorry you're not on the market," she regretted. "But I don't imagine I should be if I were in your place. It looks like a splendid business."

"Splendid!" His chest expanded automatically. "The public's just beginning to realize what you can do with synthetic stones! Now, what," asked Mr. Schoenwald, showing her an unmounted gem, "do you suppose that stone's worth?"

"A thousand dollars?" she hazarded, returning it to him. "Of course, I'm not a diamond expert—"

"You can buy a duplicate of that over our counter for $20.00," he bragged, holding the stone to the light. "And—last month we sold over three gross of that size alone! And pearls—well, we can turn out a pearl so classy that it'd fool an oyster! I should say it *is* a good business."

"And all yours!"

"Well, I wish it was! No, it's a partnership—four of us. The other three are silent, though. If there's anything to do, I do it."

"I didn't understand that," said Miss Emery. "They told me—I thought that these things were all your invention."

"You bet they are!" said Mr. Schoenwald modestly.

"So, naturally, I assumed that you have all the authority."

"Well, I have—act of one partner binds the rest. I run the place."

"I should have imagined," she said, "that a man like you would have gone over to Fifth Avenue long ago."

Mr. Schoenwald looked at her and grinned.

"You do, do you?"

"I was thinking of other firms," said Miss Emery slowly. "So many of them have gone over to Fifth Avenue, and you know what that means in prestige. And society women *do* buy imitating stones—"

"*Our* stones aren't imitation—they're genuine! Don't make *that* mistake!"

"But you said—"

"I said *synthetic!* They're chemically genuine—they analyze absolutely! This is no paste-jewelry shop!"

"What I meant," she assured him, "is that society women buy *loads* of inexpensive jewelry—and there isn't a place on the Avenue where a woman can buy that kind of jewelry and feel as if she were in a first-class shop. I mean a really *exclusive* shop, you know—"

"Rent!" said Mr. Schoenwald.

"Yes, that's true. And yet, it isn't so much."

"Oh! That's something new!"

"A little building—oh, about this size—in a good location in the middle of a block—white façade, well handled windows, and really exclusive—I should think it would help you immensely."

"Maybe it would," agreed Mr. Schoenwald; "but I've got this building, and I guess I'll keep it."

"If I ever found something on the Avenue I thought might suit you—"

"Oh, I might come take a look at it—"

"If I find a bargain, I'll let you know."

"Good!" said Mr. Schoenwald. "Come in and see me about it—come in about lunch-time—"

Miss Emery affected not to hear the final sentence, but as she hurried out to the street she was blushing angrily.

"Pig!" said Miss Emery to herself. "Pig! I'll get him for that—see if I don't!"

MR. WIGGLESWORTH, astonished and delighted, received Miss Emery—figuratively—with open arms.

"Well!" he beamed. "It's a long time since—"

"Yes, and it's a glorious day, and I know I look nice—it's exactly the way I intended to look," she told him quickly. "So don't let's waste any time talking about *those* things. The point is, have you five thousand dollars?"

Mr. Wigglesworth's under jaw sagged.

"Not into me—"

"If you're silly, I won't let you in on the ground floor," she threatened.

Mr. Wigglesworth registered apprehension.

"I need five thousand dollars," she went on, "for a sixty-day option on a building—"

"Really. What sort of building?"

"On Fifth Avenue—only a little one—four stories—it's for Schoenwald."

"Schoenwald! Well, why doesn't *he* put up the money?"

"Oh, he won't own it—he'll only rent it. Stacy'll own it."

Mr. Wigglesworth assumed the expression of the hunted. "I don't quite follow you—why doesn't Stacy put up the money?"

"Because I haven't asked him to—he wouldn't understand it."

"But neither do I!"

"It's perfectly simple—I've found a *beautiful* little building—exactly the thing for Schoenwald. So I want to lease it to him. We can buy it for $450,000, and lease it to Schoenwald for $40,000 a year, and get three tenants for him for big prices, so that his net rental is practically nothing—"

"But *I* don't want to own a building—"

"Neither do *I!* We're not going to own it! We're going to sell it to Stacy!"

Mr. Wigglesworth shook his head.

"I understand constitutional law and the rights of minority stockholders and all that sort of thing, but—"

"And I thought you were a *good* lawyer! I'll explain. Stacy wants Schoenwald's corner, and he'll pay $200,000 for it. Schoenwald doesn't want to sell at that price. So I've got to let Schoenwald make money some other way. I know he'd like to be on the Avenue. So we'll get this building and sell it to Stacy, who'll lease the whole of it to Schoenwald; and *he'll* practically get his rent free, because I'll make Stacy lease it at a low price, and the sub-tenants on the upper floors will pay good prices. Then Schoenwald will sell his old corner to Stacy, and it'll all be settled, and I'll have the commission."

"But you ought to go straight to Stacy."

"Yes, and maybe have him buy through some out-of-town agent! In New York City, you know, real estate is different—just because I offered it to him first he wouldn't *dare* to buy it through me!"

"I see. But if you have an option—"

"Exactly!"

"Suppose Stacy doesn't buy it, and your deal falls through—I lose my five thousand."

"Isn't that a low price to pay for a—wife?"

The lawyer started.

"Edith!"

She nodded.

"It's my last chance—there's no question about it. So, if it falls through, I'll admit I'm beaten. And in that case—"

He drew a long, long breath.

"But—if it does work out—"

"That's where the uncertainty comes in."

Mr. Wigglesworth grinned feebly.

"You honestly think it's a good speculation?"

"Well," said Miss Emery thoughtfully, "I'd risk five thousand dollars of my own, if I had it. Doesn't it stand to reason that I must be pretty confident if I'm willing to risk *your* money? When, if I lose it, I'll lose all my confidence and ambition and—and me, too!"

"I'll lend it to you—"

"And you're to have half the profit!"

"No such thing! I'll take legal interest, if you want to be businesslike. When did you want this money?"

Miss Emery glanced at her watch.

"If I don't get it inside of three quarters of an hour it won't do me any good," she said. "My option expires at four."

"Option! But you said—"

"I've been reading your stupid law book," said Miss Emery. "I paid $25 for a two-hour option—in writing—an

"'I want to do something worth while! I want to be independent.'"

option on a five thousand dollar option for sixty days! It's rather complicated, but it's quite legal, and it's the best I could get. So, if you really have that much money in the bank—"

Mr. Wigglesworth, with the smile of an alum-eater, got out his check-book.

"It looks to me," he remarked, "as if Stacy and Schoenwald need a couple of good lawyers!"

FIVE weeks later Mr. Wigglesworth, bent upon returning the call, found himself facing a partition where partition never grew before. In front of it was a small switchboard in charge of a highly manicured young person.

"Can't see Miss Emery now," she stated. "She's busy."

Mr. Wigglesworth, properly disconcerted, folded himself over his cane and sat on a bench by the partition. At the end of twenty minutes an important-looking man emerged from the inner recess, slammed the door violently to demonstrate his importance still further, and passed into the corridor. The switchboard operator turned to Mr. Wigglesworth.

"Name, please?"

"Just say it's Mr. Wigglesworth."

"Business?"

"It—it's a personal matter."

"Insurance solicitor?" she demanded suspiciously.

"Hardly! Just tell her the name—she'll see me."

The girl shrugged her shoulders and announced him.

"It's all right—go on in," she said, in a tone to imply some criticism of her employer's acquaintances.

Mr. Wigglesworth, obeying instructions, crossed the threshold, and beheld a very radiant girl coming to meet him.

"*Now!*" said Miss Emery. "Come and watch me write your check!"

"So soon?"

"*Soon!*" She sat down and radiated enthusiasm. "Know who that was who just went out? Schoenwald!"

"What did he want?"

"He's been signing things. We're selling the little building on the Avenue to Stacy for $450,000—it's a one per cent. commission, you know; and then we're leasing it to Schoenwald for ten years for sixty-five thousand a year—and I get the commission on that; and then Schoenwald's selling his corner to Stacy—and I get the commission on that; and then I'm getting three tenants for Schoenwald—and commissions on *them!* You get your five thousand back, and I've got four left—and commissions for years on the tenants!"

"As nearly as I can figure it," Mr. Wigglesworth said thoughtfully, "you'll clean up about twelve thousand dollars."

Miss Emery shook her head.

"No; Stacy wouldn't stand for that option—it comes out of the profits. But I *have* made about four thousand."

"And out West," said Mr. Wigglesworth, "they thought you could sing!"

"As a singer," said Miss Emery, "I'm a better real estate agent than Nellie Melba! Don't you want your check?"

"You know what I want," said Mr. Wigglesworth. "I told you long ago."

SHE laid her hand impulsively on his arm.

"Wait just a little longer. You men have the satisfaction of being successful. Let me taste just a little more of it—just a *little* more!"

"Well, if you've already trained your clients to come to you instead of you going to them, you're so far ahead of your competitors that I'm proud enough of you—"

"Oh, that!" said Miss Emery. She smiled grimly. "Schoenwald's is a partnership—two of the partners are women. I got their names from the files in the county clerk's office. After I had the option all paid for, the old owners of the building let me set the stage. I had a window display arranged, and all sorts of little ideas ready—a regular boudoir for the partners' consultation room, and all sorts of arguments about the social asset of being on the Avenue. And then I invited them in—all but Schoenwald himself! And they *loved* it! And they began to tell each other what an idiot he'd been not to think of progress—and *then* I gave them the figures! And *now* I guess I'm even with him—the old pig!"

"Even?" he queried.

"Just that—because his other partners *made* him change—and he doesn't get the credit for it! Or, at least, they went to him and told him to take the matter up with me, and he wrote me a letter with a rubber stamp at the bottom: 'Dictated but not read by Mr. Schoenwald.' So I had another stamp made: 'Opened but not read by Miss Emery.' Then he was afraid I wouldn't deal with him. That's why he was over here this afternoon. Here are the contracts. Want to look at 'em?"

"But why should you want to get even with him? What had he done to you?" puzzled Mr. Wigglesworth.

"Oh, nothing. He simply wanted to take me to lunch."

"What!"

She restrained him by her ingenuous smile.

"So I've let him—figuratively—buy me lunches and dinners and breakfasts and clothes for about two years."

She glanced at the documents on her desk, and again at Wigglesworth, who at last understood.

"Honestly, George," she said innocently, "don't you think four thousand dollars is a pretty big luncheon check? Even in New York? Don't you?"

Unhyphenated Americans

Photographs by Arnold Genthe

IN 1914, 1,218,480 immigrants came to this country—and among them these. Have you ever stopped to consider how much that tide of immigration is contributing to the final "typical American" character and physique and style of beauty? This girl with the high cheek-bones and square Slav face has, behind that smile, the real Tartar spirit that gave Russian women in Napoleon's time courage to strangle their babies with their garters and hurl themselves on the enemy's bayonets.

BACK in her home-land, no dance committee taps you on the shoulder and suggests that you dance —"a little slower, please, a little slower." When the Hungarians start the native czardas, the band has to be intoxicated to keep up. Perhaps the five hundred thousand who have come to America know why they left the rich grain-lands along the Danube for New England iron foundries; but they have so many different dialects that it would be difficult for them to explain. Twelve families in one steerage, all related, didn't even know how to say "goulash" to each other.

SYRIA is the country where Simeon Stylites had to live on a pillar sixty feet high to fix his thoughts on spiritual things. Look at this picture and you will understand why. The girls of Syria are coming to this country in increasing numbers, since the knowledge trickled through that the United States is a wonderland where actually more than ten cents a day is paid in wages.

BIG features, those almond eyes, and that slow-waltz style of wandering around the world make the Levantine girl. The censor recently cut a bit of Turkish life out of a Russian ballet. Probably the Russians will know Turk life better if they ever succeed in getting to Constantinople. For Votes for Women is a live issue along the Bosporus as well as along the Ohio, and one big question of debate is, "Are all the wives in the harem bound to support the same wife for Deputy Sheriff?"

THE saying goes that Poland is always being conquered by some one, but that that some one is just as sure to be conquered in turn by the Polish girls. At home the peasants are so economical that when the girls walk to church they go barefoot, with their high-heeled shoes in their hands, until they reach the church.

HALF a million Bohemians have settled in the United States. So from every land they come. But give them a year, and they'll cheer as wildly as the rest when "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played—true Americans, unhyphenated and believing that Uncle Sam can whip the world.

The Policem a Hap

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

TO be a policeman, all you need is youth, a good physique, reinforced concrete feet, and an average education. You must pass a civil service exam where they will ask you facts about the earth such as how far is it from Bath to Tewksbury, England, and facts about the stars such as how many rings has Saturn and how many rings has Gaby Deslys. If you pass, you have the privilege of picking out the person whose face you most dislike in a crowd like this and poking your thumb in his eye.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

"THROUGH
per. "Ba
Turn your
going to save
do not find
be supposed.
sert their chil
step of an o
more than 40
York, of wh
turned to th
thousand tak
Society. Th
three had noth

Photo

SPITE of all the hardships of the life, a cop never resigns, seldom dies, and is hardly ever killed. Only eighty-five have been killed in New York since 1867. The death rate by violence among ticket-takers at theaters is almost as great, and should be greater. More policemen would be killed but for the fact that they are in such perfect physical condition. Broken legs, an occasional smash from a passing automobile, or a nip by a stray dog are regarded as merely a part of the life, not worth mentioning.

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

IN Cincinnati, at the time of the last street-car strike, the company determined to run cars in spite of the strikers. So, about ten o'clock, one car set forth bravely with a crew of two badly scared strike-breakers and a dozen cops for passengers. All through the city it made its weary progress—and from behind every fence came a brick or a cabbage. The cops became so expert in grabbing rioters that a few weeks ago they gave this public exhibition of their skill before 10,000 people at the baseball park—hoping that every one of the 10,000 would stop, look, and listen.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

ALMOST any day there is likely to be a perfectly good $1500 job vacant in New York. Every one in Tammany Hall knows this, and yet no one has yet in his application. The job has been held for twenty-one years by

Photograph by

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

AS there is nothing to say about this picture, we will seize the opportunity to draw an interesting and helpful lesson from history. At the coronation of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, thieves stretched cords across the streets in the darkness, and the mob got hopelessly entangled. In the confusion, 2470 people perished, and one pickpocket was arrested with fifty watches in his pockets. Many pickpockets escaped, however, and their descendants are with us today—though we personally are strong enough to walk, and never ride in taxicabs, so we have never met any.

IN New York there is a policeman for every 512 people, and the force costs every man and woman in the city $3.20 a year. Most of us never see our full $3.20 worth of cops—which is lucky, because there are a few who run away beyond their quota. Almost 300 times a day an ambulance goes clanging through the streets of New York to pick up some poor pedestrian who supposed he had rights; the ambulance calls are 104,563 a year. We don't know what particular good this information will do you, dear reader, but we put it in to show that editors know everything.

© Paul Thompson.

EVERY year in New York more than 50
five per cent. of these come home lat
Last year 803 unidentified dead were found
year in the spring the Missing Men Dep
the waters have given up their annual toll.

n's Lot Is Not y One

way burst a cop- ld in accents wild. ow, fellers, I am ld. The police allthings as might parents who de- them on the door- s. But last year were lost in New an 3000 were re- and the other by a Children's n who lived in a Mike.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

NEW ORLEANS pays its cops $600; Chicago $1100, for an average day of ten hours. The job of mounted cop looks easy—nothing to do but ride all day on a fine big horse. But it has its disadvantages. For one thing, you're a long way from the maidening crowd of nurse-girls. Also, there are unforeseen accidents like this that test every fiber in your make-up. The death list among horseback riders and automobile drivers would be larger but for the quick wit and thorough training of the cop on horseback

Mr Egan he is the official opener of bombs. During his professional career he has opened more than 7000, and has not been bitten yet. Mothers desiring to raise their boys to be bomb-openers please write.

Paul Thompson

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

BESIDES fighting car strikers, it's part of the cop's business to push his way into a dark hallway where three hold-up men have taken refuge, and demand their surrender. Patrolman Thomas H Conklin did that last June, at 1:25 a. m. One of the three drew a revolver and aimed at Conklin, but before anything could happen, Conklin pinned his man to the floor, for which the Commissioner pinned a medal on Conklin. The next time your wife wakes you up and says she is sure she hears somebody downstairs, try to remember this brave cop.

are reported to the police as missing. Seventy-shocking fact, carrying their shoes in their hands. ge, of whom only 71 were women and girls. Each es up its annual report—late in the spring, after he can identified by photographs long after buried.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

THERE are about 60,000 automobiles in New York, and probably half as many trucks, not to mention street-cars. When you consider that every single one of them runs a chance of collision at every corner, what should you think would be a fair daily average of accidents? Never mind guessing. The daily average of street accidents is about 100. The number would be ten times as large if it were not for the excellent work of the traffic cops. But every one of these 100 accidents means that the victim must be cared for, names gathered, crowds dispersed, etc.—all of which means more work for the owner cop.

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

A YEAR ago, when the war broke out, the Municipal Lodging House was sheltering 2500 men a night. This winter all these fellows are employed in brokers' offices in Wall Street, taking and crating the money that you have sent us to invest in War Brides. The average attendance at the Lodging House is now less than 500. If you're hungry, sick, or tired, speak to a cop. It's part of his duty to get you anything you need, and if he doesn't you can report him, and the captain will speak to him harshly.

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

STANDING on a narrow ledge to spot victims is only one part of the day's work. A few weeks ago Patrolman Daniel Leahy of Precinct 6, New York, heard screams, and looked down the street to see a mad dog attacking a group of children. Five had been bitten before Leahy reached the spot. Without an instant's hesitation he flung himself upon the beast and throttled him with his bare hands. You can go to sleep at night in perfect unconcern, you can turn your children out to romp in the park—all because the big fellows in blue patrol the city streets day and night. Hats off to our good friend the cop.

"HOW long should a man's legs be?" some one asked Abraham Lincoln. To which he replied, "Long enough to reach from his body to the ground." Similarly ex-Governor Sulzer of New York "if asked How much should a suit cost?" would probably answer: Somewhere between eight dollars." Mr Sulzer does not believe that clothes have anything to do with success—in politics, at least. The Legislature would have impeached him just as quickly if he had worn creased trousers and a rose in his hair.

© Underwood & Underwood

SENATOR MOSES E CLAPP has a tailor back in St. Cloud, Minnesota, who cuts these suits out for him 100 at a time, using an old-fashioned jig-saw. At the same time he cuts 100 white vests, and throws in 100 umbrellas, and the Senator is fitted out for another decade. Being so dressed doesn't hurt a man in politics and there are even some evil-minded persons who claim that Teddy and W. J. B keep a special pair of baggy trousers in reserve for capturing the farmer vote.

© Paul Thompson

Photograph by Brown Brothers

ALTHOUGH his wife, Grace George, is considered the best gowned woman on the American stage, and though he pays a high salary to the best dressed actor, Mr William A. Brady is one of the worst dressed men, and boasts of it. Mr Brady says the modern business man does most of his business over the telephone, and he personally will not begin to carry a vanity-box until something is invented by which the person at the other end can see you as well as hear you.

Who Are the Worst and the Best Dressed Men?

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

THIS is the handsome young gentleman to whom Mr. Brady pays a large salary for being the "best dressed man on the stage. Conway Tearle, leading man for Grace George, was a champion cricketer and boxer before he left England to become the idol of a million girls. John Drew, former title-holder, has challenged Tearle to defend the title of "best dressed actor," the weapons being monogrammed shirts and pink coats at sixty yards.

ONE day the director at the Edison Studio needed a man to play the rôle of a young millionaire. He turned to a group of extras and called, "The best dressed man, step out." Did they step out? But much! The men with faded ties and baggy trousers began to drop back, until finally only one man was left in the front row—Eddie Earle. So Eddie got his chance, and has made good ever since. Who says clothes don't pay?

Photograph by Brown Brothers

© Copyright, Underwood & Underwood.

JUST to prove that ladclothes are not essential to political success, we present David I. Walsh, who has just ceased to be governor of Massachusetts, having held the job as long as he cared about it. Governor Walsh and Mary Pickford led the grand march at the movie ball in Boston last year, and Mary told him that if he ever tired of work she could get him a job with Paramount at $1000 a week.

JAY GOULD left his son George a string of railroads and large suits of clothes. Some of the railroads are not as well off as when Jay died, but George has done a great deal to improve the clothes. He is counted the best dressed financier in America and his daughters-Mrs. Anthony Drexel, Jr., and Lady Decies, say "Papa has clothes sense; he can tell a year in advance what will be worn. If you would keep the respect of your daughters, reader, none of those snap-colored vests

© Underwood & Underwood.

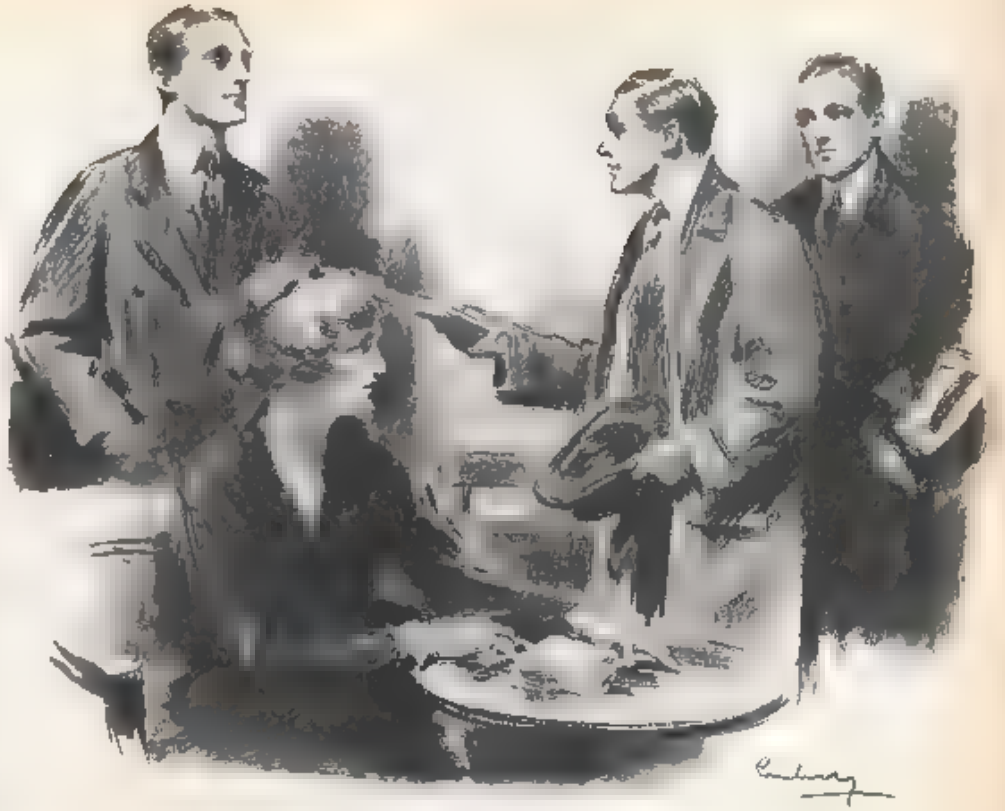
LAST but not least Diamond Jim Brady whose picture seems to have a curious fascination for us, we have printed it so often. "Clothes," says Diamond Jim, "are my recreation." Fur overcoats at $2,000 and other garments to match make it an expensive sport. Most of you will probably say "I would rather wear my nice old corduroys than to be Diamond Jim with all his pantaloons. But that is not the moral of this page. The moral is, look over the successful ones and you'll usually find them well dressed, and the clothes are generally one item in the success.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

Missing—Roberta Hoyt!

By ADELE LUEHRMANN

Illustration by R. M. Crosby



"'We're sorry for having butted in on a private matter like this,' he apologized, 'but the story will go no further in our direction.

THE [illegible] and exceedingly handsome, but stately and mild. It seemed impossible that it was she who had sobbed so hysterically the night before. Somehow with her regular features, white skin, and dignified bearing, she suggested a nun.

Farnham asked our names, and as I gave mine I watched him closely; but apparently it meant nothing to him.

"I wish to present you to Mrs. Farnham—my brother's widow," he said.

Then he told his story, and what he did not tell in words it was easy to supply. He had had an elder brother George, who after giving his family all kinds of trouble had taken himself off to the Orient and had been within the year reported dead. A few years later Herbert had gone to Australia to try gold-mining. He had, on arriving, gone at once to work, presenting no letters and making no social connections.

Then the papers came Melbourne newspapers with announcement of one Herbert Farnham, future Lord Darrow, who was cutting a wide swath in society and on the side paying court to a beautiful actress, Mary Leighton, member of a London company. A letter from a friend followed with the information that the impostor was none other than George, and Herbert hurried to Melbourne to see his brother. There he learned that George had married Miss Leighton, who had a week later sailed for England. George, it appeared, after leaving the steamer, had mysteriously dropped out of sight.

BRINGING to bear all the influence at his command, Herbert had prevented the story of the imposture and marriage from becoming public, but, considering it unwise to remain in Australia, had sacrificed his interests there, sailed for the United States, and hidden himself on a ranch in the West until Roberta Hoyt happened along and he followed her East.

In the meantime, George's wife, learning the truth from Herbert, was as keen as he to keep secret the unfortunate affair. But there was some gossip about it in London, and when, through a friend who knew her story, she met Miss Winnington she was invited by the old lady to travel with her she had jumped at the chance to leave England. It was in Chicago shortly afterward that she had received a letter from George, written in a Western penitentiary. This she sent to New York to Herbert, who at once joined her, and together they visited George, whom they found ill with incipient lung disease. In the fall coming to New York with Miss Winnington Herbert had naturally visited her.

"It was last Friday," said Farnham, "curiously, just the day of Miss Hoyt's disappearance, that I got word from my brother that he had escaped from prison, hurried to his hiding-place, and found him desperately ill from the exposure he had suffered since his flight. I managed to get him to New York to the flat of Mrs. Rogers, a woman who was once in service in my family and whose husband owes to me his place as Miss Winnington's chauffeur. There Dr. Rollins Rice attended my brother. But the poor chap was so fearful of discovery, and the fear so aggravated his condition, that it seemed necessary to move him to a quieter place."

FARNHAM paused, and looked from Tal to me appealingly. The girl too raised her eyes to ours for a moment with a dumb plea before letting them sink again to her lap.

"I had no right to bring my troubles here," Farnham went on again, "to the house of one who had been so kind to me; but the house was empty, I could trust the care-takers, and my need was desperate. Not wishing to involve Rogers, who had become very nervous over the affair, I myself drove Miss Winnington's car in which we brought my brother here. On the way he had a severe hemorrhage, which accounts for the bloody handkerchief you found, and within an hour of our arrival here he died."

Again he halted for a moment.

"All this time—since Friday—I had heard nothing about Miss Hoyt whose disappearance, as you know, her aunt had kept quiet. I heard at only last night from Higgs, who told me Mrs. Otisco did not seem greatly concerned. But just after my brother's death she phoned Higgs that Miss Hoyt's guardian had put the search for the girl into the hands of the police.

"What were we to do? It seemed unlikely that any one would look for Miss Hoyt here; still, as it was possible, it was imperative to remove my brother's body. So we buried it—and I because there was no one else to do so, read the funeral service from a prayer-book given to Miss Leighton on her wedding day by a girl friend who was in her confidence. This book was accidentally dropped in the woods, where you found it next morning. That's the story. Are you quite satisfied?"

"Perfectly," said Tal, and I too assented. I could not distrust Farnham for one thing; besides, he had explained everything—everything I knew then, at least.

RATHER shamefacedly Tal pulled out the prayer-book and Miss Winnington's card-case, and handed them over.

"We're sorry for having butted in on a private matter like this," he apologized, "but, as I said before, the story will go no further in our direction—you can bank on that."

"Thank you," Farnham replied. "You can see how the facts played into Webster's hand. He had heard the talk in London and had chanced to see Miss Leighton with me in Chicago, and when she came to New York he sought her acquaintance—"

"Just to spy on you," I said.

They were almost the first words Mary Leighton had spoken, and the badly suppressed anger and indignation of them were startling, coming from one outwardly so composed. So she could warm up, it seemed.

"My great regret is that Mr. Farnham did not tell Miss Hoyt the truth," she added more calmly. "I feel responsible for the broken engagement—I can't forgive myself."

She rose.

"If you will excuse me I shall say good night," she murmured, and bowed to us, Farnham but very slightly.

Farnham opened the door, and she swept out—"swept" is the word, too.

As he turned back to us Farnham looked at his watch.

"Of course, you want to get back to town to-night, and if you like we'll motor you down—there's no train till five. I came up with a friend in his machine. Dr. Rice, by the way. He and Higgs have been making some repairs, but I hear the car coming round now, so if you like we'll start at once."

We agreed, and followed him to the side entrance. My hour had struck, I thought. Here I had been dodging Mulrooney for hours, and lying like a trooper to do it, only to walk into the arms of Dr. Rice. However, my luck held. The porte-cochère was dark, except for the light that streamed faintly from the house, and Dr. Rice, who was in the machine, hardly turned his head to acknowledge our introductions. Then Tal pushed ahead of me and got in front with him, which saved me again.

I HEARD Tal buzzing away at the doctor, but could not make out what either of them said. Farnham and I talked very little and only of impersonal things. He did not seem to care to talk, and under the circumstances I could not

READ THIS THEN START THE STORY

IN a block on Fifth Avenue crossing Richard Terrill one June Georgian is addressed by a beautiful young girl who appears to know him. She accepts an invitation to tea, and insidiously tells him that her name is Roberta Hoyt, is well known. That evening in Seton Gables Sands is a visitor in an adjoining flat. There he hears a [illegible] down in the cellar. The driver who [illegible] a dead woman, explains that he is [illegible] a sick man to a hospital. Their chauffeur disappears, but as Burnham, the butler of Colonel Hoyt, returning to Mrs. Sands' house, Roberta Hoyt has been missing from home four days. The girl's disappearance arises out the fact that her guardian, [illegible] will under which [illegible] would come to the marriage before her twenty-first birthday. Terrill and Sands search [illegible] night to Bluestone Accommodation, the first place they are startled by the appearance [illegible] of the body of a woman, an [illegible] a gold cigarette case, and [illegible] Farnham. Next day finds a [illegible] in wood. [illegible] estate and finds a [illegible] and [illegible] a prayer book [illegible] the inscription, Mary from Winifred. By subtle [illegible] Terrill is led to work [illegible] the [illegible] whose they saw on [illegible] [illegible] Farnham is Mary [illegible] [illegible] a Miss Winnington of the Kensington in New York, and [illegible] Farnham and Mary is [illegible] [illegible] Terrill and Sands [illegible] find out whose [illegible] is in the [illegible] woods. Back at the grave again [illegible] Farnham who astounds [illegible] suspicions says [illegible] explain the mystery after he has identified another person [illegible] the [illegible] Farnham [illegible] [illegible] a young woman with blond hair, whose face Terrill has never seen before.

It's the clean, sweet sap of the Sapota Tree

In tropical regions grows the Sapota Tree. Botanists call it the "*Achras Sapota.*" Its buds turn into delicious fruit. It yields a creamy sap for Sterling Gum.

In the late Fall of the year, the rainy season comes. The sap rises. The trunk of the tree is tapped. The milky sap flows out, rich, pure and clean.

Then they boil it into buff-colored cakes. The cakes are wrapped and sent to the Sterling Kitchens.

As you enjoy your Sterling Gum, remember the clean, sweet sap of the Sapota Tree. Remember the gloved hands that guide its making into Sterling Gum.

The 7 points of Sterling excellence are

Point 1—Crumble-with flavor
Point 2—Velvety body—No Grit
Point 3—Crumble-proof

Sterling

Sterling

wonder. But the situation struck me as the queerest ever.

Tal's house being a little north of my hotel. [illegible] Judging by [illegible] had off pretty well, and it was that, I [illegible] that made him turn round and [illegible] me when I got up to [illegible] hand. My coat collar was turned up and my hat pulled down as far as possible, but when I [illegible] starts out to turn a trick nothing stops her. The instant I met those near- [illegible] thick lenses of big shell spectacles, I knew they had [illegible] I felt an involuntary twitch of fat fingers; then our hands fell [illegible] and I got out.

"Thanks over so much. Good night," I said. They repeated the good night, and that was all.

"Well," said I to myself. "And now what?"

I AWOKE about ten o'clock, and at once had the morning papers sent up. The date on the first struck my eye and [illegible] k of surprise [illegible] 31." Only Thursday! And all this had happened since Tuesday afternoon—less than two days [illegible]

The first thought that had flashed into my mind that morning was that Dr. Rice had recognized me. What was I to do about it? Of course, I could deny everything, but where was all my lying to end? Tal found me in the restaurant at [illegible]

"Oh, go to the devil!" [illegible]

If I had to go on lying right and left there was one thing sure—it was not going to be to Talbot Sands. He could ask questions till he was blue in the face.

He chuckled. "Never took you for such a slushy book, Dick. Wanted to rescue the beautiful lady, eh? Well, I only hope she'll be grateful."

He grinned, sat down, and reached for [illegible]

"Well, we're back to where we started," he observed cheerfully.

"Thinking of starting again?" I inquired.

"I am not. If a girl doesn't want to be found, why find her? I'll bet Miss Bobbie Hoyt is satisfied with her present whereabouts or she wouldn't be. Dr. Rice says you can gamble on it.

"He's sore because she turned down Farnham."

"I guess that's right. Anyhow he [illegible] like mighty well to spot that go [illegible] with. Funny, that they can't even make a guess, considering how well Farnham knew her. She can't have eloped with a total stranger."

"I don't see why you take it for granted that she has eloped at all."

"What else would a girl run away for? Oh, she's married [illegible] next week. Think she's [illegible] took the fact that if she is [illegible] Mr. when the clock strikes twelve [illegible] night of November seventh she'll be a [illegible]

"Does Farnham think she's [illegible]

"Don't know. The doctor does. Oh by the way, he called me up this morning [illegible] got me out of bed before nine—to ask [illegible] said you look a good deal [illegible] sed to know. Said he no- [illegible] phoned last night, but [illegible] t place it till this morning. Wanted [illegible] where you're from, how long [illegible] ve been in town, what's your business here, and a million other things." Tal paused to laugh. "He even asked if you'd ever met Miss Hoyt. I said if [illegible] had you didn't know."

"That's true," I put in, and heaven knows it [illegible]

[illegible] night to [illegible] of course, why you had wanted Farnham if you were not interested, and I told him it was because you didn't think the affair [illegible] Riverton had anything to do with Miss Hoyt—that you'd always said so. You did, you know, from the start.

I conceded this wit[illegible]

[illegible] al to millions.

"Queer that he should ask my opinion [illegible] a screen of cigarette smoke.

He was so hipped on the subject he'd ask the opinion of a camp-post [illegible] the unflattering response. "You're probably hear from him to-day about the friend you took ok."

But at eight o'clock that evening I had [illegible] from Dr. Rice—this, [illegible] mously. I thought I had heard several times. At any rate, [illegible] body was saying.

To begin with, right after breakfast and after Tal's departure, one of the hotel [illegible] lunteered the information that [illegible] answered in the affirmative, had said that was all he wanted to know and had gone away. The clerk's description of the man suggested no one [illegible]

A little later I got a real jolt from the telephone operator at the Cecil in the shape of news that some unknown man had tried to pump her about me.

"He wanted to know if you got many calls from ladies, and I told him there [illegible] four times your wire busy all [illegible]

[illegible] and, having yet to receive [illegible] of the kind, I grinned [illegible] mitted that the joke was on [illegible] he fell for it all right," she assured me seriously. "I'm sorry my job. You'll never catch me giving a friend [illegible]

I questioned [illegible] as to the inquirer's looks, and finally [illegible] who- ever he might be, [illegible] Farnham, Dr. Rice [illegible] Doubtless [illegible] Rice, though [illegible] [illegible] portfolio [illegible] portfolio I knew [illegible] one had been through it. Nothing was missing, but things were out of order.

I [illegible] other signs [illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] being [illegible] of avid [illegible] suit and black hat.

GIVING up the puzzle at last, I started out, and stopped as usual to leave my key with the floor clerk. "Mamie" [illegible] her place, and near her the "terrible Jimmy." Their voices, loud and lively, reached me as I stepped into the hall, [illegible] instant I hove into sight a bush [illegible] "Mr. [illegible] Mr. [illegible] rrik," said the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] quired several times for me [illegible] preceding hour, as my Sout [illegible] nously came in on a certain train and I knew almost to the minute when to expect [illegible]

"I guess so." [illegible] he way she said [illegible] [illegible] to me. "My key!" [illegible] nded, and with it went back to my [illegible] here it took me just two mins [illegible] to convince myself that all three of my letters had been opened. That was why the train had been late! The hotel must be behind the man who was watchi[illegible]

[illegible] a frightened, wavering [illegible] something to tell you."

Listen," she began in the lowest and [illegible] tone, when I was on the wire. "Markey [illegible] the house detective, you know—has

For Sore Muscles

Absorbine Jr. brings quick relief. Keep it always at hand for instant use.

Athletes use Absorbine [illegible] the muscle [illegible] have trained for the [illegible] when tired, for the aches that pains and the kinks that are stiff and sore from over-exertion.

Absorbine Jr

[illegible] from Dr. Rice—this, [illegible] mously. I thought I had heard several times. At any rate, [illegible] body was saying.

1.00 a Bottle at Druggists or Postpaid
A LIBERAL TRIAL BOTTLE will be [illegible]

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F.

30 DAYS Free Trial

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER

WRITE TODAY

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. T 91 CHICAGO, ILL.

Big Cash Profits

Every Week on Chicks. Write me for details showing how beginners with little [illegible] money $10 to $25 a week on side and [illegible] Get the facts! Any man, [illegible] can do it following my plan and using my

25 Times World's Champion

402,000 in Use

Belle City Incubators

WRITE Your Name on a Postal

POULTRY SECRETS

[illegible] S BIG BOOK FREE

PRIZE WINNING VARIETIES

MONEY-MAKING POULTRY

REVOLVER 10:

been round asking about your calls. You [illegible] me telling [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] back [illegible] was back again in the Cecil [illegible] heels together and wondering what was going to happen next. And just then it happened.

A[illegible] a mistake. I glanced at the name before I took it. But it was addressed to me. I [illegible]

[illegible] you'll know which. Get in quickly. Afraid I'm being watched. Will explain. Hurry [illegible]

Well—I hurried. I admit it. I walked [illegible] as fast as I could get there. I [illegible] not sure I did not run. My one [illegible] seems to have been that it might escape me. Of course, I should have known better. All my friends would have known better—they have told me. The merest child would have known better. I admit it. I admit everything.

As I dashed down the few steps to the [illegible] distant from the window of a waiting cab, and, dashing madly on, I jerked the cab door open and stepped in—quickly as ordered. A strong, queer odor met me. I felt a viselike grip on my arms and, when next [illegible] of myself, I was lying bound and [illegible] blinking stupidly into the dark[illegible]

[illegible] I was still in the cab, which was [illegible] I thought [illegible]

[illegible] for Dr. Rice. Was it [illegible]

[illegible] the road, all well lighted, which meant that it was early still and that we had not been long on the way. No doubt I had had hardly more than a whiff of the chloroform. Though a little drowsy I felt all right, but, as the gag prevented me from shouting for help and the ropes on my hands and feet from helping myself, I could only wait and watch.

It began to rain, first a gentle spattering on the windows, then a driving splash. Presently the cab slowed down and stopped at the side of the road. The driver, of whom I had so far seen nothing but the back of his head, now turned round, lowered the window and spoke.

"Phwat's the nade iv goin' anny further?" The rain's as wet as watther, I'm [illegible]

[illegible]

got to hand it to you,—but you're awful slow with your head."

[illegible]

asked.

"It's a fine [illegible]," I answered. "Hope you enjoyed your ride."

[illegible]

"[illegible] and we did that," put in Mulrooney. "And we'll enjoy the wan back [illegible]

[illegible] hands loose, I freed my feet with [illegible] and got on to them. [illegible]

[illegible] shone the [illegible] of houses, but what I wanted was a hotel, where I could pay for the privilege of dripping on the carpets. At the nearest house I asked my way and within twenty minutes was under the roof of the Inn at Hillside, Long Island.

The clerk, an obliging little man, lent me a pair of pajamas. They missed covering my legs by a foot each, and when I tried to button the jacket it split [illegible] the back. Still, it seemed preferable [illegible] swathing myself in a sheet, and [illegible] grateful. When my clothes had been taken away to be dried and pressed [illegible] out [illegible] by 7 A. M., I put my valuables, including the locket, under my pillow, and went to bed—all I could do, though it was only nine-thirty.

DREAMS are maddening things usually [illegible]

[illegible] I was being chased by a [illegible] I saw my home in Atlanta, and [illegible] the door. Then I went [illegible]

[illegible] you! I did it for you!" she cried out to me in an anguished tone, and held out her arms. Then I awoke.

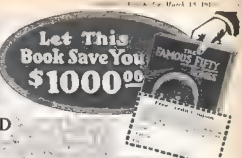
I opened my eyes. It was still dark outside, not morning yet. What a crazy dream! I thought, and turned over.

"You've got to stand by me. I did it for you!"

I sat up with a start. I had not dreamed that. It was real. My breath stopped as a wild, incredible idea gripped me. That voice.

"I couldn't help it—I had to know—I'm so frightened."

I heard plainly the terrified tremor that accompanied the words. It was from



D[illegible]

and you'll quit [illegible] made—savings [illegible]

Free Credit to You!

[illegible] Famous Book [illegible]

$22.00 Per Month

SENATOR [illegible]

Sterling
System of Home Building

[illegible] ment. Write NOW before you turn this page [illegible]

International Mill & Timber Co
Dept 136 63 Sterling [illegible] Bay C[illegible], Mich

His Favorite Remedy

These days physicians prescribe Home [illegible]

BRUNSWICK
Home Billiard Tables
Now $27 Up Pay 10c a Day

Balls, Cues, Etc. FREE!

30-Day Home Trial

Scientific Qualities

This Brings Billiard Book FREE

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co. Dept. 30[illegible] Wabash Ave., Chicago

"Billiards—The Home Magnet"

What Standardization Means to Automobile Buyers

IT MEANS VALUE the utmost in efficiency per dollar of cost. Just to the extent that a car is standardized does the buyer's dollar approach the maximum of purchasing power

Standardization means definite, proved quality, known manufacturing costs and reduced selling costs

Of the million autos that will be sold in 1916 75% will be standardized cars selling for less than $1000.00 each This remarkable American achievement is the result of standardizing motors, starters, carburetors, speedometers, ignition and lighting systems, transmissions differentials, tires, wheels, gates, rims, brakes

Finally the upholstery has been standardized by the almost universal adoption of

Rayntite Fabrikoid

Craftsman Fabrikoid

DU PONT FABRIKOID

MOTOR QUALITY

40% of all 1915 cars sold were upholstered in this proved, guaranteed, material and in 1916 the total will be nearly 60%

Fabrikoid is the only standardized automobile upholstery It wears better than coated splits (commonly sold as genuine leather") and has the artistic appearance and luxurious comfort of the best leather

To get the most for your money buy a STANDARDIZED car

DU PONT FABRIKOID COMPANY
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

CANADIAN FACTORY AND OFFICE TORONTO

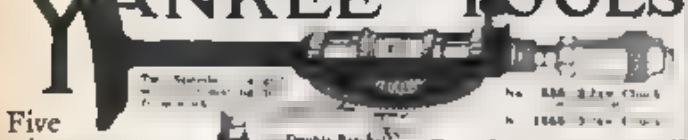
EVERYTHING for the GARDEN

Every Empty Envelope Counts As Cash

And Also Send Free of Charge
Our Famous "HENDERSON" COLLECTION OF SEEDS

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST NEW YORK City

"YANKEE" TOOLS



Five adjustments

Ratchet Breast Drill
Price, $5.25

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia

FORD JOKE BOOK

TEN CENTS

Every Week

Throw Your Voice

VENTRILOVOICE

"I'm not sure," she went on in a tremulous whisper as if answering a question But last night some one called me the 'phone three times No, no, of [illegible] trying to identify [illegible] Yes, at two o'clock this

She was telepho

"I couldn't stand being alone longer. Every time the bell rang I'd think they're coming. I don't trust her want to go away. I'll do any thing you say you know that but you'll send me some word

I [illegible] liberated could see the I had made her but a while ure first that Then

to my amazement, she spoke

"Sorry I disturbed you."

My lips opened to return some polite formula. Then, my wits collecting, I whispered softly at the door-crack

"Miss Hoyt

Listened, frowned a trifle and repeated the name. "This is Dick Terrill." I added. "Don't you remember me? We had tea together Tuesday."

"Oh!" Hardly more than a breath, it had in it all the bitterness and relief Chaos might have been worse

"I'm only here for the night I just wanted you to know how I happened to overhear what you said at the 'phone and I thought you would be glad to know it was somebody you could trust

"I am, thank you." After a moment a little uncertainly "What you have must have sounded odd."

"Not at all," I fled hastily "But I wish you'd let me help you. Of course, I've known for several days that you must be awfully worried, but I didn't know where you were. When I heard your voice just now, I had to let you know I was here, ready to do anything I can. I have your locket still, and I've told no one about meeting

"Oh—why not?" she asked

"Because after Dr Rice and the coroner reported seeing you, I heard the doubt expressed that—that you were—Miss Hoyt." It was hard to get out, but thought she ought to know it

There followed the briefest of pauses

"There was nothing about that in the papers," she said then

"No but some people are saying

"Then why didn't you contradict them Why didn't you show the locket? That's proof!"

"Because I was not sure it was best mean, that it was what you would wish

But surely you might have known that. Did I behave like a person with anything to hide? Listen," she continued "If you really want to help me take the locket to Mr. Rosser and tell him every thing

About to-night

No Don't mention that

They'll go to the tea-room to new story, and

"Well, it's a

I hesitated, then decided to speak Cleverly as she had masked her alarm her words at the telephone were evidently that she was in some trouble, and ignorance of her true position would not

"What reason did she give

"Your voice." I tried to say it simply, but I was so conscious of her own fatal about her voice that I fear I failed

"Why has there been nothing about

"I don't know."

"Then you're holding for to shield me From what, pra

"I know that, either holding back off until some

wanted to you. I

I want you as a right," I protested "I only want to help and I can't do it intelligently unless I know things. You must see that

But there isn't anything you can do to be frank with you truly but cular position something imagine.

If you please

saying nothing."

the eighth of November."

"The eighth?" I echoed in wonder her, to cover my surprise. I asked quickly "You mean I shall see you then? Where

"I'll write you where

She laughed out at that, and the sound a load off my mind

It was dreadful

I promise you see. I have forgotten. I was going to write anyway as soon as I could, and explain."

"Where really? Is that straight?"

"Yes it straight," she returned, laughing again and now I must say good night, dear

But first I want to apologize for doing you an injustice the other day I knew when I asked you to say that I shouldn't I wanted to punish you. I thought the reason you pretended to know me and wanted to see me again was because I was the rich Miss Hoyt

"Heavens! If you only knew how I felt when I found it out Why, I've been hoping and praying for two days that you're not Miss Hoyt."

SHE said nothing to that at all then "Isn't that a very queer thing to say to me, considering everything?"

"But I'm not considering anything I'm considering only that I have been with her Farnham."

She made me wait again, and this time

I know I have no right to ask you to marry Mr. Farnham," she said

"Do you mean that?"

That for anybody

"Oh, no: not for anybody. Good night."

"How about somebody?"

She laughed

Well, I'm not going to be an old maid ed night,"

"Wait a minute: I've something else to tell you."

"Good night!" came softly more faintly

"But I'm serious Please come back it's about Farnham."

And truly at the instant it did flash me that I ought to tell her she had misjudged him. It was the only square thing to do. He could not reach her himself, so of course he would want her to know—that is, if she were Miss Hoyt uncertainty in mind, I words carefully.

has happened

Don't Throw Away Your Worn Tires

You Can Get 5000 Miles More Service

...ent of them by "half-soling" them with Durable Non-Skidded Treads. European Motorists have been doing this for the past three years and getting from 10,000 to 15,000 miles from one set of tires. In eight months over 20,000 American Motorists have followed their example and are saving $60 to $200 a year in tire expense.

We Deliver Free ...any the express, and allow you to be the judge. Durable Treads double the life of your tires and are used under a signed guarantee for 5000 miles without punctures. Applied in your own garage in thirty minutes.

Special Discount ...direct from factory.

MAIL TODAY—SAVE THE DISCOUNT

The Colorado Tire and Leather Co.
Dept. 2242 Broadway Bldg., DENVER, COLO. 24 Transportation Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL. 2242-52 Woolworth Bldg., NEW YORK

Name _____

Address _____

_____

My tire sizes are _____

"A Fast Brush for the Ponies"

Several Million Persons in the United States are continually using

WHITING-ADAMS

BRUSHES

Their use insures Economy of Cost and Perfect Results

Send for Illustrated Literature

Manufactured by

John L. Whiting-J. J. Adams Co.

BOSTON, U. S. A.

Brush Manufacturers for Over 100 Years

Whiting-Adams Brushes Awarded Gold Medal, the highest award at Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915.

You Can Earn $250 A MONTH With This NEW MACHINE

Make $3,000 a year and more to start. You need no experience. Open a Tire Repair Shop with Hay-wood Equipment. Let the money roll in. Business grows fast. You're soon a real manufacturer. Every auto sold means more tires to mend. Demand for your work ahead of supply.

SEND FOR THE FREE BOOK

This gives all the facts. Tells how to start. How to succeed. A valuable guide to riches and wealth. Write today. A postal will do. Get Jones' FREE copy.

HAYWOOD TIRE & EQUIPMENT COMPANY
748 Capitol Ave. Indianapolis, Ind.

Garage $69.50

10 x 12 feet "Steelcote" Edwards ready-to-use garage. Fully complete. Factory price. Fireproof. Portable. Sold on easy terms. All styles and sizes of garages and portable buildings. Send postal for illustrated catalog.

The Edwards Mfg. Co. 839-879 Eggleston, Cincinnati, O.

Be An Expert ACCOUNTANT

Earn Big Salary! Big salaried positions are open for Expert Accountants—prosperity insures. Secure renewal.

We Train You By Mail at home in spare time. Easy payments to suit you. Our course prepared and directed by noted Experts. Covers every feature—completed quickly. Limited Special Reduced Rate Offer!

Ask us how for a limited time, we can offer special reduced rate scholarships. WRITE us now for valuable free book. La Salle Extension University, Dept. 2242, Chicago

LEARN RAG TIME

Let me teach you Rag-Time Piano Playing by Mail. You learn easily in a few lessons at home. My system is so simple you'll play a real ragtime piece at your 5th lesson. Whether you play by note or ear, I'll teach you to play ragtime in every variation. "Money Back Guarantee." Write at once for special low terms and interesting booklet.

ARLE CROTHERS, "Dean of Ragtime."
Room 71, 225 No. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Photograph from C. L. Bibbins.

They Burned Them to Save Them

THE frugal housewife who serves up Tuesday's bread crumbs well disguised as dessert on Wednesday has nothing on the great corporations. It is almost an axiom—the bigger the industry, the less the waste.

Here is an example: One of our huge railroad companies makes a science of the utilization of waste, and from that source realizes a fortune. In two successive years the sales of waste paper, old rubber, rusty iron, and the like returned sums in excess of two and three million dollars.

Five million dollars in a couple of years is a neat extra profit for even one of the biggest concerns in the country.

Care is taken to get the results with profit in every single transaction. For instance, labor must be considered: if it costs three dollars in labor to save two dollars in junk, or even two dollars and ninety-nine cents, it is the falsest kind of false economy.

That explains the apparent waste in this photograph of burning box-cars. The Pennsylvania Railroad had a lot of worn-out cars. After removing everything of value except the old iron, somebody simply touched a match to the wooden frames.

It would have cost more to tear down the cars to get at the iron than the value of the used lumber; so the fire was allowed to do the work of separating the salable junk.

The Christmas Tree Girl

Photograph from J. Le Grill.

WHEN December comes round, Miss Elsie Schueneman may be found doing her Christmas selling early from the deck of a big schooner tied up at one of the bridge docks in the Chicago River. The crop is Christmas trees; for since 1912, when the father of the family went down with his cargo to the bottom of Lake Michigan, his wife and daughter Elsie have cut, loaded, transported, and sold nearly fifteen hundred tons of trees.

The mother superintends the work of cutting, but it is the girl in the picture who disposes of the crop.

There are two other daughters, twins, Hazel and Pearl; they run the house while their mother and sister conduct a business that an appalling disaster failed to break.

This young woman was but twenty years old when she took on her shoulders the burden of her father's business. Miss Elsie is said to have a gift of selling rarely excelled in the business world.

Caterer to Five Thousand

THE chef in the big hotel has his troubles in planning for the reducing matron who won't touch potatoes and the dyspeptic old gentleman who must have everything cooked in oil; but this sort of catering doesn't hold a candle to Mr. E. Costain's job: that of planning food for no less than five thousand absolutely different kinds of appetites—namely, all the animal boarders at the Bronx Zoo, New York.

Photograph from Walter L. Hinkley.

Mr. Costain raises most of his menus himself on a six-acre farm, eggs and honey, potatoes, lettuce and cabbage, grapes, strawberries and raspberries, corn, carrots and beets for the vegetarians among the jungle folk. He also raises chickens, rabbits, and guinea-pigs, rats and mice, pigeons and squabs, for the long-toothed meat-eaters and the serpents. These are first killed and fed whole.

They Lead Strictly Hygienic Lives

EVERYTHING has to be as clean and hygienic when it reaches the cages of the wild things as it would have to be in a well ordered hospital. Infection of every sort is guarded against most carefully.

Every morning a wagon takes over to the Zoological Park a big assorted load of fresh vegetables and fruit. Piled on top are the boxes containing the day's supply of rabbits, chickens, guinea-pigs, rats, mice, and other choice morsels for the meat-eaters. The keepers then come with their push-carts and load up their allotted rations for their valuable charges.

"You simply must do something for your nerves!"

ORDINARILY they get enough nourishment from the regular diet. But the distraction of overwork or worry has exhausted this supply—and now they are *starving*. They must be fed more of their vital foods, particularly *phosphorus*, as your doctor will tell you.

But Sanatogen is not only a mere means of giving this phosphorus—Sanatogen gives it "in such a form," as Dr. C. W. Saleeby says, "that the nervous system can actually *take hold of* it." That is why Sanatogen has been so eagerly welcomed by physicians and why so many thousands of them have gladly written letters commending this and others of Sanatogen's unusual virtues.

Sanatogen
THE FOOD-TONIC

Dr. E. Persichetti, Physician to the Queen Mother of Italy, writes: "I have used Sanatogen in several cases of neurasthenia and in every case the nervous symptoms were greatly diminished."

Sir Gilbert Parker writes: "Sanatogen is a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves, and giving fresh energy to the overworked body and mind."

If you are still wondering if Sanatogen can actually do this for *you*, why not do the one thing which *can* convince you—give Sanatogen a trial?

And with your nerves begging you for help, why not do this soon?

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists, everywhere, in sizes from $1.00 up

Grand Prize, International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913

Sanatogen

Send for any of the interesting booklets explaining Sanatogen's restorative aid. They are free. Indicate the subject of most interest to you by check mark:

——Neurasthenia; ——Dyspepsia;
——Anaemia; ——Weakly Children;
——Motherhood; ——Convalescence,

and mail this slip today to

THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO.,
26th Irving Place, New York City.

Tonight

Let's End That Corn!

Apply a little Blue-jay plaster. That brings a wonderful wax in touch with the corn, and protects it.

This wax was invented by a chemist who has spent 25 years studying corns.

Tomorrow

You'll forget the corn. Blue-jay ends all pain.

It will prove to you that all corn pains are needless. You can stop them in an instant—and forever—with a Blue-jay. You will always do that when you know the facts.

Next Day

The corn will disappear for good. And no soreness follows. Blue-jay has proved that on 70 million corns. It will prove it to you, we promise. After that, you will never keep a corn.

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

15c and 25c at Druggists

Blue-jay
Ends Corns

$5 PRIZE FUN AND GAME PACKAGE 10c

This BIG BUDGET of FUN and GAMES is a WONDER in the Amusement Field—will entertain the whole Family.

300 Great Jokes and Riddles. How to tell Gypsy fortunes, 12 Model Love Letters, 172 Ways to Flirt, How to make others obey you, Marriage Leading Clues, Hoodoos and Wife Commandments, 200 Popular Songs, 200 Fine Parlor Games, Fun and Games, Clews, Checkers, Sentiment, 9 New Stories, Authors, Chinese Puzzle, Star Puzzle, 20 Easy Puzzle, 13 Puzzle, Horse Cross, 7 Wonders of the World, 12 Comic Cards, 52 Magic Tricks, 20 Puzzles, 40 Recipes, 4 Tricks, 4 Oracles, Parlor Magic, How to Dance Your Name, How to Hypnotize and Cut 10 in stage money. All this great fun method and full other things in game for 10 cents, postpaid.

Rockmill Game Co., Dept. 654, 340 Madison St., Chicago

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Your advertisement inserted in the classified columns of

Every Week and The Associated Magazines

will prove a profitable investment

Combination Rate, $3.00 Per Line

85 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
108 NORTH WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

CALIFORNIA FARM LANDS

TWENTY ACRES in San Joaquin Valley, California, in fruits, vegetables, alfalfa; with cows, pigs, poultry and bees will pay you steady, substantial profits. Delightful climate, rich soil, good schools, churches, fine roads. Thrifty, hospitable neighbors. Write for free books. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agt., AT 4-37 Ry., 1545 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

SPECIAL OPPORTUNITIES

JOIN THE NATIONAL PROSPERITY LEAGUE. If you are not getting ahead or reaping the largest harvest possible from your present opportunities, send for our Free booklet describing the wonderful service we offer. National Prosperity League, 239 Fifth Ave., New York.

CORPORATIONS

INCORPORATE YOUR BUSINESS IN ARIZONA. Least cost. Tax-exempt features, home books, seven years. Free Laws, By-Laws and Forms. References: Any bank in Arizona. Standard Incorporating Company, Box 610, Phoenix, Arizona. Branch Office: Van Nuys Building, Los Angeles, California.

FARMS FOR SALE

VIRGINIA FARMS, SMALL AND LARGE, $15 an acre and up. Easy payments, mild climate, fertile soil. Ideal for fruit, stock or general farming. On railroad with big markets near by. Write for lists, maps, etc. F. H. LaBaume, Agrl. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 421 N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

FIVE HEIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO TRAVEL. Demonstrate and sell Zealers. $25 to $50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 67, Omaha, Neb.

They Don't Keep Her Awake

THE hobo cats that "hit the grit" at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Ninth Avenue will not need to travel farther for either a "hand-out" or a "flop." Both may be found under the elevated stairway where rosy-cheeked Mrs. Fagan dispenses newspapers.

"Why don't you send them to the S. P. C. A.?" a severe-looking woman asked Mrs. Fagan one day.

Mrs. Fagan smiled pityingly. "Surely the poor little things enjoy their liberty just as much as you and I do, and they have done nothing that they should be deprived of their lives. All they ask is their freedom, a bite to eat, and a place to sleep during the day."

She Feeds 3640 Cats a Year

THE ten cats that had already foregathered for their dinner refused to be interviewed, but it was easy to understand the resentful and independent glances of one big black-and-white Thomas with well chewed ears. Mrs. Fagan had "made a man of him." Had she turned him away that cold winter's morning two years ago when, a muddy and lean derelict, he whined his petition to her, he would not now be adding his share of the self-respecting spirit to Twenty-third Street.

Mrs. Fagan feeds on an average ten cats a day, seventy cats a week, or 3640 cats a year. Liver, heart, salmon, and other delicacies constitute the menu, with a wash-down of milk. Commuters from New Jersey often hand her some catnip, so the kitties may have a spree.

To see the tribe at its best, one must reach Mrs. Fagan's news booth in the morning at about nine o'clock, the breakfast hour. The tabbies come and sit down on the sidewalk outside the booth and gaze mutely up at their benefactress. Customers hurrying to work tread a hazardous way among them.

"Do you see that Maltese-and-white one?" says Mrs. Fagan. "He is the boldest of them all. He came here three months ago, limping on three legs, the most dejected and starved creature I ever saw. For days he had to be fed by hand, and shivered even in the hottest sunshine. Now he is the fattest and most piggish of the lot.

Photograph from Anne M. Nolan

Mrs. Fagan and Billie, who is frequently not too proud to fight.

"Homeless cats have more sense than homeless men," Mrs. Fagan declares. "When they find a sure feeding place, they stick to it. My cats are real tramps. Morning and evening, after they have eaten and licked their chops, they scatter over the neighborhood until the next meal-time.

"Just stand here a while and watch those poor little waifs thank me with their eyes. Only once in a while do I find an ungrateful one."

It has become the custom of the owners of cats in the neighborhood of Twenty-third Street and Ninth Avenue, when they lose their pets, to apply to Mrs. Fagan; for, sooner or later, if it survives, Kitty finds her way there.

One of the Men Behind the Map

Photograph from U. A. Willey.

There are still maps to be made. Frank C. Schrader is here putting some new crinkles in the Arctic Circle at close range.

YOU know that feeling you get sometimes, after you've been walking around the block to your office every day for ten years, when you pull out the atlas and trace out the trip you'd like to take. First those smudges that mean mountains, then those long blue streaks that are streams and lakes stuffed with trout, and those white stretches without any dots you know are deserts where men starve and are buried in fearful sandstorms.

But to explore the countries to make the maps men haven't had to sacrifice their lives, after all. Only an amateur, they say, meets adventure. Every accident, every danger of delay, of starvation, of getting lost, is foreseen.

An expedition for a season's exploring in Alaska takes provisions for two years, for it may some way miss connections and be forced to stay more than a year. The horses that carry the packs are not brought back, but are killed when the road ahead grows too rough for them, and their flesh stored for possible use on the return trip.

A portage of a range of mountains six thousand feet high is no joke, especially where the caribou are too unfamiliar with man to be afraid of him; but Frank C. Schrader crossed thus that northern rim of the Rockies to the Arctic regions to map that stretch of unexplored country. Eight men followed Schrader, intending to meet the cutter that once a year pushes this far around Alaska. They missed it, and would have been compelled to stay north a year had they not pushed their way through the ice-floes for three hundred miles in a whale-boat.

Adding to the Nation's Wealth

OUR government owes to these explorers the discovery of the great coal tracts in Wyoming, which raised the value of that land from $20 to $400 an acre, and the 40,000,000 acres of a precious phosphate in Idaho.

So, if two weeks at the sea-shore isn't really exciting enough, there is a real business you can try, which will freeze you and roast you, but won't kill you quite entirely—and of course you may fall into that gold mine, after all.

Why Not Own Part of an Elephant?

I may not need an elephant;
In fact, I do not s'pose I do.
Yet—when I think a while—
I am not sure but that I want a few.

THAT was how the school children of Boston felt when they first saw Molly and Waddy and Tony perform. Every last one of them, away up to the blasé eighth-graders, felt that he must have an elephant. But there were only three elephants and 100,000 school children. And, besides, some of the mothers were fussy. They said that an elephant would be an awkward pet to have around the house. They spoke of the mud he would track in.

Then somebody said, "Why not let the children buy the elephants jointly and keep them in Franklin Park Zoo?" A committee made inquiries, and found that Molly and Waddy could be had for $6000, with little Tony, who weighs only a ton, thrown in for good measure—this on the condition that the trio needn't work any more, but might just loaf around and enjoy themselves.

An epidemic of industry suddenly swept young Bostonians.

Children gave parties to aid the elephant fund; they opened their banks and sent in the precious pennies that had been hoarded there; they swept sidewalks, ran errands, cleaned cellars, and even gave up movie shows. Even the little rascal Tony helped pay his way to Franklin Park by finding a bright new dime on the street.

Elephant Fund Editor [wrote one youngster].

Dear Sir: I want the elephants for Boston so much that I am going to break my pig bank and get a dollar out of it for them.

Now there is no place in Boston more popular than the fine marble house where Molly and Waddy and Tony receive their young friends at Franklin Zoo.

Photograph from G. W. Pasmore.

The fellow in the overcoat owns the left ear of the elephant he is holding down.

Missing — Roberta Hoyt!

Continued from page 16

...e that leaves him free to tell you now ...hat he could not before," I said.

"What has happened?" she questioned ...fter a pause, as if she too were advanc...g warily.

"That I can't tell you," I replied. "I ...ve given my word. But I will say this: ...concerns what you were told about him ...d—Miss Mary Leighton."

"*Mary Leighton?* Wh—why, what do ...u know about her?"

"I can't say anything more," I said. Then, recalling Miss Leighton's regret ...t having been indirectly responsible for ...e breaking of Miss Hoyt's engagement, ...saw no harm in adding:

"Miss Leighton will tell you that her...lf, I think. She is at the Kensington. ...m sorry I can't tell you anything ...ore about the matter; but he will tell ...u everything, and—and if that is all ...at stands between you and him, why—"

"You seem very anxious to bring about ...reconciliation!"

"I don't want a reconciliation," I pro...ested, "but I can't do anything dishonor...ble to prevent it."

"Aren't you rather—quixotic?"

"Would you like me to take advantage ...another man's misfortune to win you?" ...demanded indignantly.

"Oh!" This with tremendous astonish...ment. "Have I said I'd like you to ...o me at all, Mr. Richard Terrill?"

"No; but—"

"Well, then!" She popped it at me ...umphantly, as if that was what we had ...en arguing about all along.

"All right," I laughed. "This discus...on is postponed till November eighth. ...ere's something else I must tell you ...w—about the locket. I don't know ...at to do with it. You see, Dr. Rice has ...cognized me as the man he saw with ...u, and is having me watched, and—"

A cry of alarm cut me off. "Why ...dn't you say that before? He has fol...wed you here? Can he have heard us?" Back to her voice had come the sharp ...te of terror that I had heard on awaken...g.

"He's nowhere near," I assured her. ...o one knows I'm here but you. But ...morrow, when I go back, they may ...arch me and—"

"Yes, I see," she interrupted. "You'd ...tter give the locket to me. Bring it to ...y door; I'm still dressed. Hurry!"

"In a minute," I called; and, switch...g on the light, I looked around for my ...thes. They were not there! They ...re downstairs drying.

...t is well I made it clear at the outset ...that I am not the hero of this story, for ...e would finish me. Fancy a hero in ...jamas a foot too short and with a ...it jacket, telephoning a sleepy hotel ...erk to dig out a sleepier nigger to bring ...m his doublet and hose ere dashing to ...e side of his beloved!

Of course she heard me 'phoning, too. ...hen my things arrived I hustled into ...em. They were still soaked and muddy, ...t I must have been a heroic sight, ...ith the locket in my hand, I hurried ...k to her door. To my surprise, it was ...en and the room was dark. I knocked, ...en spoke, then stepped in and turned ...e light. The room was empty, the ...ly sign of recent occupancy being a ...road time-table lying on the dresser. ...mpulsively I sprang into the hall—...e could not be five minutes ahead of ...e! Then I stopped. What right had I ...follow her? As I stood there, unsure, ...a train slowed up and stopped at the ...tion close by. Doubtless she was on ...ard probably discovered while waiting ...r me that she could just make it. And ...e was running away, not from me, but ...m the man she feared was on my track. ...The time-table informed me that I ...uld get a train to New York in about ...hour, and after a restless wait up...irs I went down to the office. While ...paying my bill I looked at the register. Opposite her room number I found the name, written in a clear feminine hand: "Winifred Warren, New York."

I felt a queer shock. Winifred was the name in Mary Leighton's prayer-book. Was there any connection? Perhaps not; yet—

I looked at the clerk, who was sleepily counting out my change, and decided to risk a few questions. The information I gleaned was that Winifred Warren had arrived at the Inn after I did, having missed her train to New York, she said. The clerk had understood she was to spend the night, but she had gone away again on the eleven-three. What did she look like? Very pretty. Her hair? He was not sure he had noticed, but thought she wore a veil over her hat which hid the hair.

The run back to town was short, though in my restless state it seemed endless, and I arrived with my head spinning with questions. But of all I asked myself one hammered most relentlessly at my mind: Would she go to Fareham?

To be continued next week

THIS MAN BEROL

HAS THE WORLD'S MOST WONDERFUL MEMORY

He can instantly give the population of any place in America of over 5,000.
He can give every important date and incident in the world's history.
He can give the dates of birth and death of the great men in history.
He has 300,000 facts and figures stowed away in his brain, ready for instant use.

He Can Make You "Forget-Proof"

MAIL THE COUPON FOR CONVINCING EVIDENCE

A few years ago William Berol had a distressingly poor memory. His present amazing efficiency has been developed through his own simple, practical method. He is now teaching his system with great success to large classes at leading educational institutions in New York and other cities, having been endorsed by the heads of the educational departments. *It is the only system of memory training which is publicly demonstrated by the instructor and advanced pupils.* He desires to impart his method to YOU, *by mail.*

His Simple System Which He Teaches by Correspondence Will Prevent Mind-Wandering, Strengthen Powers of Observation and Concentration

YOU will be able to recall Names, Faces, Dates, Prices, Telephone and Street Numbers—

YOU will remember the salient Facts in a Book or anything else you read—after one reading—

YOU will instantly recollect important Business and Professional Facts or Memoranda—

YOU will become a clear thinker and in Public Speaking retain a firm grasp on what you desire to say.

First Lesson Alone Worth $500 to Him

"Although I received the first lesson only one week ago, and have only partly mastered it, I have already had the repeated pleasure of recalling instantly the names of persons on their second and third calls after my first introduction. The first lesson—I would not take Five Hundred Dollars for it, or rather I would prefer losing Five Hundred Dollars to being now deprived of the 'CUE' that you have furnished me."—*J. W. WEBB,* Athens, Georgia.

Send This Coupon To-day for Full, Interesting Particulars

This will cost you nothing, nor will you incur any obligation by doing so. You WILL be interested to learn the story of Mr. Berol's remarkable mentality and a description of his method for making men and women bigger earning factors.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, NEW YORK

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York
Send me particulars and cost of the Berol Mail Course in Memory Training and Mental Efficiency.
Name .....
Street No. .....
City .....
State .....

3 IN ONE

3-IN-ONE OIL

SEWING MACHINE OIL

3-in-One lubricates every part of any sewing machine better than any other oil on earth. Prevents bearings wearing. Promotes smooth running. Preserves the health of the user. Adds years to the life of the machine. Avoids repair bills.

FREE sample bottle. Write today. 3-in-One sold at all stores 10c and 25c.

3-IN-ONE OIL CO.
42 AKH Broadway
New York City

PATENTS Write for our free guide books, and blank forms. Send sketch or model for free opinion as to patentability. All patents secured by us advertised free at our expense. Highest references. Prompt attention. Letters strictly confidential. Address, E. G. SIGGERS, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS Do Not Sacrifice Your Inventions. Get full money value. RELIABLE Book Free. Write R. S. & A. B. Lacey, 625 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. 1910 Edition 300-page patent book Free. Advice and search Free. Send sketch. O. P. NIMMO, 271 Bowen Bldg., Wash., D. C.

Patents Write for How to Obtain a Patent, List of Patent Buyers, and Inventions Wanted. $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion of patentability. Our two books entitled Victor J. Evans & Co., 716 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS PATENTS secured or fee returned and advertised for sale at our expense. Books, search and advice free. PATENTS & TR. Patent Attorneys, 500 G St. Washington, D. C.

All contributions to this magazine should be addressed to the Editor

Every Week
93 Madison Avenue, New York City

Send for Color Chart

CONGOLEUM RUGS

For Every Room

Be sure the name Congoleum is on the back of every rug. It is your protection

FOR some months we have been telling you of the distinctive qualities of Congoleum Rugs. You all know that they are durable, that they can be cleaned with soap and water, that they are inexpensive. What we now want to call your attention to is the new line of Congoleum Art-Rugs.

Congoleum Art-Rugs

Our inventors and designers worked a year to perfect these seamless rugs, made by a new process. Both the texture and colors are richer than has been possible to attain heretofore in moderate-priced rugs—presenting a choice that will harmonize perfectly with varying color schemes in wall paper and paint.

Our color chart, sent free, will show you the range of patterns.

Congoleum Art-Rugs come in three sizes of eight different designs at the following exceptional prices:

9 feet x 12 feet, $9.00 each 9 feet x 10½ feet, $8.00 each 6 feet x 9 feet, $4.50 each

The Regular Line of Congoleum Rugs

The waterproof qualities of Congoleum Rugs make them ideal for kitchens and bath rooms, where cleanliness and sanitary conditions are essential. On the porch they are storm and sun-proof. In sitting rooms, dining rooms, halls, bed rooms, their rich patterns add greatly to the beauty of the home. And if a low-priced rug is desired for dining room, bed room or kitchen, Congoleum Rugs are absolutely what you want.

Most Popular Low-priced Rugs on the Market

The fact that Congoleum Rugs lie flat without fastening; that their patterns and colors are carefully blended and in beautiful taste; that the price is lower than has ever been known before for a similar product—make them the most popular low-priced rugs on the market.

Sizes and Prices

3 feet x 3 feet	$ .60 each	4½ feet x 6 feet	$1.80 each
3 feet x 4½ feet	.90 each	6 feet x 6 feet	2.40 each
3 feet x 6 feet	1.20 each	6 feet x 9 feet	3.60 each
4½ feet x 4½ feet	1.35 each	6 feet x 12 feet	4.80 each

Congoleum Two-piece Rugs

9 feet x 12 feet ..... $7.50 each 10½ feet x 12 feet ..... $8.50 each

The prices quoted in this advertisement are slightly higher in the far West and Canada.

Handsome Rug Color Chart Free

Be sure to send for our Rug Chart, which shows a number of the new Art-Rug patterns, so that you may be able to see for yourself the beauty and attractiveness of the new line. Simply send your name and address.

Congoleum Rug Borders

Don't forget our beautiful Congoleum Rug Borders. These look exactly like quartered oak flooring. For the borders of a room, outside a rug, they will give the effect of a real hardwood floor at a surprisingly low price. Much better than painting or staining—makes old, unsightly floors look like new. Made in 36 and 24 inch widths, selling at 45c. and 35c. per yard, respectively.

The Congoleum Company

Department of

Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Winnipeg, Vancouver

The Barrett Company

St. John, N. B.

Boston, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, N. S., Sydney, N. S.